

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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RURAL SCENERY.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

How striking is the contrast between city and country! The former is preferable for winter residence, on account of its facilities for business pursuits, social intercourse, and church privileges; but, in summer, the country is altogether more desirable. The few stunted shrubs and shade trees, seen about the city mansions of the wealthy, are no more to the forests and gardens of nature, than the maps of countries and the pictures of landscapes are to the originals. Then the idea of being confined, during a long summer, to a city, with all its noise, and dust, and heat, compares indifferently with the freedom and pleasure of the cool country shade. It is only because the few months of relief allowed us from official business come in the cold season, that we are willing to spend them amid the bustle of crowded cities, while such a vast range of rural territory is accessible, where one may roam in peaceful contemplation among the beauties and grandeur of this wide world.

We have occasionally attempted brief sketches of western life and scenery, not for those familiar with them, but for distant friends and readers. Now we propose to reverse the order, and let our friends in the west have a glimpse of some things which have come under our observation in the east. In doing this, we hope to afford some entertainment for esteemed friends that never saw those things, and thereby discharge, in part, a debt of gratitude justly due them. All we assume, however, is to note down a few observations made in the summer of 1849, during a transient sojourn in "the land of steady habits." We kept no journal, and were not on a tour of observation particularly, but partly on a Gospel mission, and partly on a tour of health and recreation, after a long and severe campaign of official duty. Yet some objects lying in our course made so strong an impression on our mind, that we could not forget them, if we would, and would not, if we could. A few of those scenes which made the deepest impression on our memory, without attempting any connected narrative, is all we think of embracing in this article. Even on this limited

scale, it is embarrassing to decide where to begin, and where to end. The Atlantic coast, with its bays and harbors, its capes and fisheries, its commercial points and fashionable bathing establishments, must all be omitted. Nor can we allow room for a description of the Penobscot and the Kennebec—those bold channels, with their islands, indentations, and promontories, their bluff shores, abrupt peaks, sloping borders, and fertile plains, ornamented with villages of white habitations and steeple churches—however pleasant it would be to do so. The beautiful heights, and inclined planes between them, must share the same neglect. Neither can we linger, gentle reader, along the shady banks of the Merrimack, to examine its factories, growing young cities, rural retreats, and green valleys, though this would be delightful. We must hasten along the iron road, crossing hills and vales, alternately edging along cultivated plains, and cutting through extended ledges of solid granite, till we reach Lebanon, New Hampshire. Here let us pause awhile, amid the combined beauties of nature and art.

Lebanon is a small place, uniting the manufacturing and agricultural interests. In the centre is a large hollow square, on a clean sand-plain, partially covered with a green grass plat, bounded on two sides with business houses, and on the others with tasty private dwellings, from which broad streets lead off in various directions. The plain on which the village stands appears to be inclosed all round with gently rising hills, which are used as pasture lands, dotted with numerous rocks, and shaded with forest trees, and enlivened with grazing herds of cattle. There are, however, winding passes between those hills. The Mascorny, a narrow river, fed by a small lake of the same name a few miles east, cuts the west end of the village, where, in passing about a hundred and fifty yards, it falls some forty or fifty feet, over successive ledges of rock, and thence, by a rapid movement of some miles, loses itself in the Connecticut river. On one street, leading west, you cross the falls, about midway, on a substantial bridge, affording a fine view of the descending torrent. The railroad crosses near by, at the upper end of the falls, on a covered way, and leads up, through a deep cut, to the depot,

in the northeast corner of the village. On this line, connecting Boston and Montpelier, six long trains pass daily, at regular hours, four of them crowded with passengers, and two conveying produce, lumber, and live stock, sheep and cattle, to the Boston market. The whole, taken together, renders Lebanon one of the most romantic little places we have seen. It affords excellent society, and, like most New England villages, is well supplied with churches and seminaries. Withal, it is remarkably healthy in general—in proof of which, we made the acquaintance of some citizens over eighty years old, and one over ninety. From this point we hailed some two weeks in August, and found it a delightful summer retreat.

Now, suppose we roll down to the White river junction, then turn north up the Connecticut valley, along the state line, between New Hampshire and Vermont, viewing a series of green meadows and lovely villages on either side of the river, altogether appearing as a vast, continuous garden, inclosed with a wall of mountains. Among the noted places, perhaps Haverhill, New Hampshire, and Newberry, Vermont, are the most handsome. Here we spent a pleasant Sabbath, attending religious service in both places. In the latter is an excellent and flourishing seminary. We, however, cannot linger, even on this beautiful landscape, lest we be tedious. A few miles above Newberry we leave the cars, and pass, by stage, up the Amonoosuc, through Lisbon and Littleton, toward the mountain region. But, without regard to exact order, let us digress across the hill country, through that elevated, uneven, but cultivated section of gardens and meadows, cottages and stone fences, including the towns of Landaff, Bethlehem, and Sugar Hill, and first take a view of Franconia, a southern section of the general range of White Mountains.

The most natural way to approach this group of wonders is from the east. Coming up the narrow thoroughfare, between Mount Lafayette and Mount Jackson, along the Pemegewasset, a tributary of the Merrimack, the first stopping-place of note is Mr. Taft's Temperance Hotel, a quiet, well-kept house. From his front piazza north, the mountain view is at once grand and lovely. Here we obtained a guide, who conducted us over hills and hollows, by a winding path, through devious wilds and roughs, across the river, some three-fourths of a mile, to the Flume. This is a sheet of pure mountain water, two rods wide, but shallow, passing, with great rapidity, some hundred and fifty yards, over an inclined plane of solid stone, worn perfectly smooth by the action of the current, and presenting a silver-white appearance, of surpassing beauty. Above the Flume a fourth of a mile is the cataract, formed by the same rivulet, falling some rods over a precipice of cragged rocks. Just at the foot of the cataract proper, the descending current enters an opening in a massive rock, about one rod wide, twenty feet deep, and a hundred yards long, the side walls being perpendicular, and smooth as if the channel

had been wrought by mechanical skill, though it was, no doubt, formed by the action of the water itself, in the course of many long centuries. Access to this point is obtained with difficulty, by clambering along the sides of the irregular cliffs, with scarce room for foothold, over the rapid stream. The whole scenery round the cataract, located in a ravine of the mountain side, is wild and strange.

Proceeding up the road, perhaps a mile or more from the tavern, and off to the right, as we understood, is the Pool, a large body of water far down in a deep cavity, among the rocks. This place is much resorted to by visitors; but want of time, and the difficulty of descending to the Pool, prevented our turning aside to examine it. But the most beautiful object in the vicinity is the Basin, immediately by the way on our left. It is formed by the Pemegewasset tumbling, in wild confusion, down a precipice of projecting rocks, so that, in the descent, the water is thrown to the left with violence, against a curving stone, then forced to the right, giving it a whirling motion, which has worn a basin in the rock that forms the bed of the river, of an oval shape, about thirty by twenty feet, and perhaps eight or ten feet deep. The Basin is always full and running over. The troubled element, after whirling round in a circle, passes off at one corner, and pursues its wonted zigzag course, amid the obstructing fragments of rock below. The water is pure mountain spring, clear as crystal, sufficiently cold for comfort, and delicious to the taste, of which we had ample proof, by slaking our thirst at the pool on a hot afternoon.

Above the Basin, some two or three miles, the scenery changes from the beautiful to the sublime. Here the valley becomes more narrow, and the mountains, on either side, more elevated, abrupt, and imposing. Just below the Notch House, kept by Mr. Gibbs, a place of much resort, on account of its romantic location, and the splendor of the surrounding scenery, is the Pond. Perhaps this is nothing more than a collection of mountain waters, detained by obstructions on a small level, similar to a large canal basin. On the north side, near the road, is a post, from which projects a finger-board, on which is inscribed, "Profile." This points across the water, and directs attention to "The Old Man of the Mountain." Viewed from this position, the projecting points of rock on Mount Jackson are so arranged as to form an exact profile of a man's face on a large scale—forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and all. He, however, does not conform to the modern style of hat, with high crown and narrow rim, but wears a kind of patriarchal cap, with an ample shade in front, and looks as though he defied all the revolutions of time. He is surmounted on a nearly perpendicular cliff, or pinnacle of rocks, at an elevation of about one thousand feet, in an easy-sitting position, as if occupying a chair of state, looking, I believe, northeast, with his eye firmly fixed on the loftiest summit of Mount Lafayette, where he has probably remained

a faithful sentinel ever since Noah's Flood, and perhaps for a longer period. Had he taken his position on a mountain, in some heathen land, no doubt but millions of the human family would have worshiped him as a supernatural being.

The next object of note is the Lake, situated between the mountains, being a collection of clear water supplied by mountain springs, with a sand and gravel bottom, covering, perhaps, some forty acres. On this lake is a pleasure boat, which, at the time we passed by, was filled with visitors, amusing themselves with a speaking trumpet, and hearing themselves mocked by the mountain echo, which, in that confined location, was very distinct, and rather startling, as though some one was speaking from the caves of the mountain.

Soon after leaving the lake, we reached the main mountain pass, wild and desolate, though rather inviting than repulsive. From this point we began to descend, but not rapidly, or abruptly; for the road through the Franconia Notch is pleasant for carriage riding all the way. As we came down, one chasm on our left made an imposing appearance. It was a dark ravine, shaded with birch and hemlock, but how deep we could not determine, as the boughs, with their thick foliage, were so interlocked as to exclude the sun's rays, and, consequently, obstructed our vision, and, not being able to see the bottom, rendered it the more terrific. So far as we could obtain a distinct view from the carriage, the moss-covered rocks, resting under a dense forest, gave a sombre and venerable air to the whole. Reaching the valley, and crossing the South Amonoosuc, we soon gained the elevation called Sugar Hill, some seven miles from the Franconia Notch. It was that hour of peculiar interest, when the luminary of day was about to disappear below the western horizon. Some of his last rays were faintly resting on the mountain side, while flitting clouds flung their moving shadows over other parts: we paused, and turned round to enjoy a last, lingering view of the mountain scenery, which had just left such a deep impression upon our minds. The sight was magnificent beyond description. Lafayette and Jackson loomed up toward heaven; fragments of their vapor clouds were floating up through the gorge, and embracing the bosoms of those mountains, but leaving their heads uncovered to look out on the vast expanse below.

Now let us resume our route up the Amonoosuc proper, and head toward the White Mountains. Here we are again in a fertile vale, some parts highly cultivated, others in nature's wildness, along the banks of a beautiful little river, now gliding gently and silently through the plain, then dashing with impetuosity over declining ledges, overhung with pine and fir trees, here veering off, and leaving us in an extensive, smooth meadow, and there returning to the base of the hill and crowding us into rocky narrows. The main valley, through which this crooked stream flows, is several miles wide. Off to our right, in the distance, Mount Lafayette

rears its proud summit, like a spacious dome—for that is the form of it—while, in our front, the whole series of White Mountains would be visible from a favorable position; but Mount Washington, like Saul among the armies of Israel, stands head and shoulders above all the rest. In the evening, after a journey of exceeding interest, we arrived at Mr. Fabian's Hotel, a large, commodious establishment, capable of boarding and lodging a hundred and fifty visitors; and, at the proper season, every room is full, but constantly changing between comers and goers. It is a white frame building, with long wings of double rooms, and halls and porticos; stands alone, and, in that lonely retreat, makes a fine appearance. Fortunately for us, Mrs. Morris and I obtained a comfortable room, which had just been vacated, and remained till after breakfast next morning. From the upper piazza, the view of Mount Washington was fair, though to the summit, by any practicable route, was nine miles. It was a pleasant evening, and nearly clear, excepting some light clouds of fog or mist, which are generally visible about those mountain heights. When these would come square against the mountain, then break, and pass in fragments on either side, the sight was, to us, both novel and sublime. No one needs to doubt this, when it is remembered that the height of Mount Washington is six thousand and four hundred feet above the level of the sea, or about one mile and a quarter. Yet large parties of both sexes visit its summit almost every clear day in summer. They go partly on horses, walking over the most difficult places, and attended by a guide familiar with the "bridle-path," which leaves the road a short distance above the hotel. Each visitor, furnished with horse and guide, pays three dollars. A party of nineteen returned to Fabian's from such an expedition just after we arrived. They brought up in double file, swinging their hats and white handkerchiefs over their heads, and shouting as if they had not only scaled the Alps, but conquered all the nations beyond. Such a procession, in that mountain retreat, was, of course, exciting; but it was pleasure dearly bought, for some of the female adventurers were heard to say next morning they were scarcely able to walk. We had not the temerity to imitate their exploits, but resumed our journey on wheels, in a comfortable carriage, drawn by two well-trained ponies, in care of a careful and pleasant young gentleman, who had joined us as a traveling companion.

We soon passed the Giant's Grave, a mound, such as are common in the west; but who would stop to survey a mound with a mountain in view? As we neared the elevated region, we saw proof of the humidity of the atmosphere in the pale-green moss growing on the boughs of the trees, not of luxuriant growth, like the long gray moss of the south, but shorter, and of a more sickly and delicate appearance. About five miles of an almost imperceptible ascent, by a lonely road, through unbroken forests, brought us to the Notch House, kept by Mr. Craw-

ford, the younger, standing near a bluff point, in the northeast section of a small level plain, a part of which, to our left, was a shallow pond, which seemed to be the source of one branch of the Amonoosuc, and running west, whose meanders had marked our general course thither, while a marshy-looking meadow, on our right, appeared to be drained by forming the head-spring of the Saco river, running east, the two streams rather interlocked, or reaching into each other's territory, but both originating in that plain, which, perhaps, included some ten acres. But how the Saco, or we, could find any outlet, was, at first, a mystery, for all before us appeared to be solid mountain, and impassable. However, passing the hotel, and turning round a point of rocks, our road formed a short curve to the left, and suddenly brought us into a very narrow pass, between two perpendicular stone walls, very high, leaving just room for a carriage and the little foaming rivulet to pass. This was the "White Mountain Notch." These huge masses of solid stone, on either hand, one of which we judged to be over forty feet high, looked as if they had been sundered by some terrible convulsion of nature in days of yore, while heaps of fallen cliffs, in scattered fragments, partly filling up the chasms below, corroborated the same idea. The plain above described could never have been a lake, with sufficient weight of water to force a passage through this immense barrier of solid rock, some forty feet above the plain, and as thick as high, because there was nothing to prevent the water from passing off west by the way we came. If this gorge was ever forced open by the element of water, it must have occurred after "all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered;" after "fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, [above the summits,] and the mountains were covered;" we say, after all this, when the Flood had so far abated as to form currents through the lower parts or gaps of mountains, when moved by the winds, then the water, if ever, here broke through, and produced this opening and confusion of cliffs. One thing is certain; that is, some of these ponderous masses have been long since removed from their original positions. But whether by the Flood which destroyed the old world, or by earthquakes, who can tell? So soon as we got through this narrow defile, all language would fail to give any tolerable idea of the scene which was disclosed. On the right were hideous caverns, whose deathlike silence was broken only by gurgling rivulets, struggling for outlet among ruined masses of stone, thrown in wildest disorder, and overhung by ponderous mountain steeps, while, on the left, one of the bluff peaks of the mountain towered some thousands of feet above us. On these sublime pyramids of nature one might gaze for hours; and the longer he surveyed them the more he would become overawed, and impressed with an idea of the infinite power of that God whose hand formed "the everlasting hills." Before these stupendous monuments of Omnipotence, Atheism itself would stand abashed.

Leaving these scenes of wonder, we descended by the only possible route, a well-wrought road, curving round the irregular base of mammoth cliffs, the mountains apparently rising higher and higher above us, as we approximated their lower foundations. After proceeding gradually downward, perhaps a half mile or more, we came to two cascades, coming in on the left, both passing under bridges, which formed parts of our road. How far up they burst out of the mountain we had no means of determining, but we could distinctly see one of them, some five hundred, and the other about eight hundred feet above us, and from that down to the ravine below us; for, descending over rocky beds, at an angle of about sixty degrees, and broken into foam as white as milk, it was easy to trace their rapid course, and delightful to hear their soft music tones. At the time we saw them they were flush of water, and made a splendid exhibition. Before we reached the "Wiley House," three miles further down the gorge, a steady rain commenced falling, which shut us in the balance of the day, and all night, affording ample time for inquiry and reflection. This house derives its name from its former occupants, the excellent and lamented Wiley family, who were overwhelmed, and suddenly destroyed by the great avalanche, on the night of August 28, 1826. Apprehensive of danger, they had erected a shantee further from the base of the mountain, a little lower down the valley, where the slope was more gradual, as a refuge in case of alarm. During heavy falls of rain, on the night above-named, the whole side of the mountain in the rear, for an extent of some hundred and fifty or two hundred yards long, and more than a thousand feet high, suddenly gave way, and came down with a fearful crash, carrying earth, trees, and loose rocks, in one confused mass of destruction. Had the inmates remained within doors they would have been secure, for, just behind the house was a huge block of granite, deeply imbedded in the plain, and inclining toward the mountain, sufficiently strong to resist the whole pressure, till it parted, so as to pass on either side of the house, and reunite below, crushing the barn, and filling the garden and small meadow in front, but leaving the house on its proper foundation, and uninjured. But the family, consisting of Captain Wiley, wife, five children, and two hired men, attempting to gain the shantee, were, with it, suddenly overwhelmed and crushed, by the desolating slide. No one of the nine escaped to tell the fate of the others; but, by excavation, most of the bodies were found, and collected into one general deposit at the lower extremity of the sand-bank formed by the slide, where a heap of loose stones serves as a rude monument to designate the ever-memorable spot, though the remains, we are told, have since been removed to a neighboring cemetery. In the same habitation where the Wileys once enjoyed life, to which, however, additions have been made, we took shelter, during a day and night of rain and storm, and felt it to be the safest

place within reach, as there was nothing left above to fall on us, but the solid strata of stone. Next day was clear, calm, and exhilarating, when we slowly retraced our steps through the mountain pass, completing the observations above noted. They faintly reflect our own first impressions. The general appearance of these mountains is what Field, Vines, and others described it to be, when they first visited them, more than two hundred years ago, and reported them under the name of the "Crystal Hills;" and the fair inference is, that, in the main, they are now as they were when first formed by the great Creator. The chief range of mountain heights is twenty miles long, and ten miles wide at the base, situated sixty-five miles from the ocean; and yet it is said that, on a clear day in winter, their snow-capped summits are visible fifty miles from shore, resting, like a silvered cloud, in the western horizon.

We must of necessity omit all observations made in passing west through Vermont, till we reach Lake Champlain, and can only notice it briefly. It is one hundred and twenty-eight miles long, and its greatest width fifteen or twenty miles, interspersed with islands of various forms and sizes, which, together with the points and indentations of its ever-varying shores, give it an air of romance and beauty equal to any thing of the kind. While ascending that lake, views are often presented from the upper deck of a steamboat at once grand and delightful. To the left, the Camel's Hump, and other peaks of the Green Mountains, have a most commanding and exhilarating appearance; the rugged heights in the "empire state," to the right, are scarcely less so, while all between these extended ranges is apparently made up of gentle swells, fertile vales, cultivated fields, living streams, and white cottages, including the lake and its numerous villages along the shores. The scene is really enchanting. It is no cause of marvel, to one familiar with it, that Dr. Dixon, on first view of it, for awhile forgot his native land, home, and friends, and felt like pitching his tent, and remaining there for ever. At Ticonderoga Point, New York, famous in the history of the American Revolution, we went ashore, and found a quiet and agreeable hotel, in a cool, shady forest, a little below the ruins of the old fort, where we rested two hours, and enjoyed a comfortable dinner. Five miles staging brought us to Lake George, which, by a narrow outlet, is connected with Lake Champlain. It is thirty-three miles long, and about two miles wide, through which, in a small steamboat, we softly glided, on a bright afternoon, amid numerous green islands of limited dimension, but handsome cliffs and shrubbery. The lake is rather crooked, so that, after proceeding a few miles, and curving round the bold point of a hill, we soon lost sight of the narrow pass through which we came. From that to midway of the lake, the mountains became higher, steeper, and more magnificent on both sides. At one point, four of these, two on either side, nearly opposite, whose respective bases

were washed by the deep and narrow channel, and formed its rock-bound shores, brought even their lofty summits into such proximity, that it seemed as though friends standing on each might hail each other, if not converse together, across this lovely little sea. From thence to the end of the voyage the mountains gradually receded. In the evening, toward sundown, we rounded to opposite the Lake House, a very delightful retreat, at the head of navigation, which we entered by an easy ascent, through a wilderness of shrubbery and flowers, of which we obtained a fuller view from the upper piazza, overlooking, at the same time, part of the lake and its surrounding objects. Upon the whole, the voyage up Lake George is not excelled, in real interest, by any of the same extent. Here this sketch of rural scenery, already too extended, must terminate.

POESY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

WHEN silent eve is hushing
The weary day to rest—
When not a sunbeam trembleth
Upon the lakelet's breast—
When balmy dews are bathing
The cowslip's golden bell—
When bright the firefly glances
Along the misty dell,
Then Poesy awaketh:
She plumes her radiant wings;
And ever, as she soareth,
A magic song she sings.
A soft, unearthly halo
O'er every scene she flings;
She peopleth all creation
With her imaginings.

In silence and in beauty
She bendeth o'er the rill,
And through the echoing forest
Her varied numbers thrill;
Amid the Alpine mountains
She breathes her witching lay;
She gilds the wreathing iris
Of vast Niagara.
Far in the violet ether,
The sapphire heavens among,
With light, untiring pinion,
She swiftly glides along.
The fiery comet streameth
Across her path on high,
While vivid coruscations
Light up the polar sky.

LET shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel.
AARON HILL.

REV. THOMAS COOPER.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

THE REV. THOMAS COOPER, though an American by adoption and character, first saw the light—March 13, 1819—at Maidstone, England. Having been brought to this country while yet young, his recollections of his native isle were quite imperfect, though he could not forget the cheerful subjects of his earliest thoughts, nor the beautiful scenes of his youthful gambols. Doubtless these had much to do in forming that temper which made his presence sunshine, and that taste which threw beauties over every thing he touched. How indelible—how influential early impressions! how important to make the home of a child beautiful and happy!

His parents moved in a humble sphere, and he lost his father in his childhood. In 1837, while scarce possessed of the rudiments of an English education, he was apprenticed to a mechanic—the party-colored walls of a painter's shop witnessed the budding of that genius which was destined to fill temples with its precious odors.

Of uncommon sweetness of disposition and precocious prudence, he secured the esteem and attachment of all around him, and safely passed "the slippery paths of youth." Still, he was not satisfied with his state; he felt that he was a sinner—that, however pure his conversation—however harmless and even useful his conduct, it could not be acceptable to the divine Being, unless it sprang from the right motive. He had heard the voice of God saying, "Son, give me thy heart," and he knew that he had not responded to it. Though he could contemplate Nature with a poet's fancy, and regard her Author with a philosophic adoration, he could not sympathize with the holiness of God's nature, the rectitude of his law, or the grace of his Gospel. He had been to the cross, and seen the blood of its victim, and he knew that, instead of feeling its sanctifying power, he was trampling it under foot. He became a penitent—a believer—a member of the household of faith. What was the difference between the youth unconverted and the youth converted? It was a difference of motive—of emotion—of aim. The converted man may not always be sinless, nor always devotional, but he will have a heart to grieve over his sins and shortcomings; not merely for their consequences, but because they grieve one who is so pure, so lovely, and so loving as God. The converted and the unconverted shopmate may appear at first to be passing along *par passée*; but follow them, and if *days* do not disclose their deviation, *years* will. Two rays near the bottom of the sun, may seem to be destined to the same end; but who shall calculate their ultimate radiation?

Brother Cooper, under date Cincinnati, January 15, 1849, writes as follows: "I am staying at the house of Rev. Mr. Herr, pastor of Morris

Chapel. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he was stationed at Mt. Vernon; and at the close of the conference year a large meeting was held. Some twenty or thirty ministers were present—on their way to conference. In the love-feast an opportunity was given for persons to join the Church; but no one came. It was urged. At length a boy came timidly out of one of the back seats, and, weeping, went forward to present himself for admission. That was all—a little boy joined. The circumstance was soon forgotten, no doubt, by all but the boy, or thought of as a matter of little importance; but it was a step of immense importance to him; for it was his first step toward heaven." Had that step not been taken, he might, after having painted boards and bricks a few years, have died without hope, and sunk into an oblivious grave; his name never to be written in eternal histories—his head never to be crowned with eternal stars.

When I first saw brother Cooper, he was a slender, fair-haired youth, entering the Norwalk Seminary to write his name in its Matriculation Register, and seek a seat among its classes. Though without purse or patron, he had many of those advantages which the Stoics classed as "preferables"—a beautiful countenance, modest mien, and engaging manners.

Having no resources but his own labor, he deemed it proper to economize as much as possible. With this view, he engaged a dormitory, and boarded himself, at an expense not exceeding fifty cents per week, during the whole period of his pupilage. Here, in this central, third story closet, neat as a bridal chamber, and simple as a hermit's cell, opening to the morning sun, and cheered by choirs of birds, he spent nearly three happy years, mingling severe study with prayers and cheerful anthems. His dormitory soon became the centre both of attraction and impulse. It sent forth influences urging the saint in his heavenward orbit, and restraining the sinner in his downward course. It was a centre of *light* no less than of *power*, radiating beams illuminating, warming, sanctifying. The influence which it exerted was, however, *unsought*; it came as the wind comes; the voice of prayer, and the life of love, will move the moral elements by a law as sure as that which makes the tempest. The many-colored coat which betrays a father's partiality, may excite opposition and envy; but if it clothes one who loves God and man, superior age, superior talents, superior attainments, must bow before it. Whilst brother Cooper and his companion retained their room in the Seminary, we had but little trouble among its lodgers. Seldom was it necessary to exercise vigilance or administer reproof, and perhaps the soft footfall of the watchful tutor was never heard in the long, dark, upper hall, after the curfew had sounded its call to slumber, while they were among its inmates.

No sooner had brother Cooper entered the classes than he attracted attention by his punctuality, diligence, progress, and sweetness of disposition. Never

did he fail to stand foremost—never was he reported delinquent at any academical exercise—never did he murmur at any requirement, or ask to be excused, unless for the purpose of fulfilling some duty to the Church. Seldom was his name called in the weekly meeting of teachers but a pause was made to speak something in his praise. To the Church he was no less faithful; the prayer meeting, the class meeting, the public assembly of the saints, seldom missed his presence, or the rich cadences of his animating voice.

To say that in the various relations of class-leader, exhorter, preacher, he was universally *acceptable*, would be to say too little; he was universally *desired*. To say that he was carried onward through the various gradations of ecclesiastical office by general *consent*, is not enough; he was *shouted upward* by unanimous and cheerful voices. The circuit which gave him to the traveling connection, begged his first appointment of the conference, and placed him with triumph, in the fall of 1842, in those pulpits in which for two years he had exercised his gifts. When he closed his year, many were the eyes that wept—few that did not as we heard his parting words, and thought that we could not hope for his return.

As an orator, he had many and great advantages. His countenance was of the most pleasing expression, blending the innocence of childhood with the dignity of age, the condescension that could sport with infancy with the majesty that could remain serene in the presence of a throne, and having an indescribable charm which assured you that he loved you as the child of his almighty Father, and the purchase of his dear Redeemer. His voice was of surpassing compass and unearthly sweetness; never was harp, or flute, or viol, so charming to my ear. His matter was always interesting, edifying, evangelical. His subject was happily chosen, carefully studied, well-arranged, beautifully introduced, and impressively closed. His words were few and appropriate—his figures original and tasteful—his statements clear—his enunciation distinct—his argumentation cogent and coherent—his manner serious, earnest, and affectionate. These excellences were marred by no faults. I can never think of him but I think of Apollos. But neither in the celestial purity of his matter, nor the transparent clearness of his style, nor the majestic power of his logic, must we seek for his charm; it was in his spirit. O, how sweet—how angelic the spirit of the Gospel—the spirit of Jesus—the spirit of heaven! You felt, as he spoke, as though an angel were talking, and as if his message were sent directly from above. Nor did he surcease from his labors when he closed his sermon; if he saw that sinners were awakened, he invited them to say, in *attitude*, if not in *word*, "I am wrong and God is right; let me have an interest in Zion's prayers." When, in compliance with his solicitation, they came around him, he welcomed them to the mercy-seat, as one who can "weep with them that weep." On such

occasions, he was wont, by particular and pointed, but prudent inquiries, to feel his way into the recesses of the heart, and to administer instruction and encouragement so specific and appropriate, that he could scarce fail to point each willing worshiper the shortest path to the slain Lamb, while in prayer it would seem as though the whole current of his emotions went up with his petitions; and when his voice ceased, his courageous *spirit* appeared to struggle like Jacob's. Had he said, in the midst of weeping penitents, as Moses on the mount, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written," we should not have doubted his sincerity. Some men are good ministers as long as they remain in the temple. Brother Cooper was a *pastor* as well as a preacher; and perhaps his most useful labor was "going about," like Jesus, "doing good"—instructing the ignorant, recovering the wandering, animating the sluggish, strengthening weak hands, confirming feeble knees, ministering like a cherub at the couch of affliction, or whispering consolation in the ear of the dying. There are those who can make *pastoral* visits very well, but who lose the ministerial character in their *social intercourse*. Not so with our departed and beloved brother. At the fireside, in free conversation, he shone with greatest lustre. Without cant—without affectation—without arrogance—without giving any ground to be deemed obtrusively religious, he yet poured a gentle, steady, silver stream of thought through all the fields of conversation, and unwittingly turned every mental wheel around him to the advantage of religion. Who that has ever been in the family circle with him can forget his cheerful songs, the melting prayer with which he commended the little ones to the Father of mercies, or the heavenly smile and tearful eye with which he closed his interviews with the families of his flock? But, O, his life—how heavenly! Religion does but sanctify; hence, there are many good men who have peculiarities not attractive. Grace found our brother Cooper, like the young man in the Gospel whom Jesus loved, so amiable, so trained, so circumspect, that the world, who cannot see the spirit, might consider him without need of regeneration; it purified his heart, and made him but a little lower than the angels. I knew him angry, envious, jealous, peevish, never. I saw in him the risings of pride, vanity, ambition, never. As to revenge, it seems to me he knew not what it was; if injured, he could forgive and love. He was as a lamb. Providence wisely arranges all things. A good man will rarely find causes of offense. Who injured—who provoked—who pursued Thomas Cooper?

"None knew him but to love him—
None named him but to praise."

His excellences were not merely negative; his breast was the orchestra for the full chorus of graces. His *faith* was strong, grasping the largest with as much ease as the smallest of God's promises.

His *hope* was an anchor, giving confidence even in the storm. His *love* was perfect; not so as to preclude *increase*, but so as to exclude *fear*—I mean the fear that hath *torment*. He was *reverent*; few men more so. He stood with awe before Him whose intellect is so transcendent that he "charges his angels with folly"—whose purity is so surpassing that "the heavens are not clear in his sight." Like Isaiah before the vision of God's glory, he could say, "Woe is me; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." But, like the prophet, he had heard the voice saying, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged!" He knew that he was compassed with infirmities, and liable to sin; but he knew, also, that "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." Hence, in his approaches to God, he felt that his soul was sprinkled with atoning blood. His piety, therefore, expressed itself not in dirges, but in carols. You felt in his presence

"How charming is divine philosophy;
Not harsh or crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

He appeared to have the victory over all his foes. While he provided with prudent foresight for the wants of those whom the divine Goodness had intrusted to his care, and husbanded his surplus for purposes of benevolence and godliness, he did not indulge that appetite of filthy lucre which the more it gorges itself, does but hanker with intenser fury. He gave one-fifth of his income to charitable purposes. He was neither an Ascetic nor an Epicurean. Though he had health to enjoy earth's abundance, and a palate to relish its delicious sweetness, he preferred the spare table, which, as he brought to it the seasoning of a good conscience, and a brisk pulse, was sufficiently spicy to his tongue. He rarely slept the sun up, or gave his head to the pillow while good men were astir. He was polite without perfumery, graceful without the ratan, and meditative without stimulating cups, narcotic juices, or voluptuous fumes. He had no proneness to levity—always familiar, never trifling. With little humor, less wit, and no irony or burlesque, he maintained an unvarying cheerfulness and a delightful *bon hommie*. I never knew him excite a sneer, or provoke a laugh. His sobriety was natural—the spontaneous expression of a spirit at once joyous and serene. He had no solemnity of face, no upturned white of eye, nor consecrated forms of speech. With sufficient love of society to save him from the self-concentration of monasticism, he had sufficient love of retirement to preserve him from the contaminations of the convivial circle. How difficult for a beautiful, gifted, pious young minister, with a heart formed for friendship and domestic joys, to move, for ten years, in all circles without being unfortunate or imprudent in his social intercourse! Difficult as it was, Cooper did it. He might have been a favorite with any

luxe, a beau in any coterie, but, with a prudence marvelous, he passed along without either embarrassment to himself or mortification to his friends.

He had a keen sensibility to the beauties of nature; but when he went into the world as God's, he did not, as Cowley, go out of it as man's. With the whole compass of creation in prospect, he could preserve his man-loving mood, and repeat, with feeling heart, that line of Terence, which once thrilled a Roman theatre:

"*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

Though always serious, he was never melancholy. He was troubled as other men; but he had learned to walk by faith, and not by sight. When the flood of affliction came, he looked not at the waters, but the bridge. When he walked through the wilderness of the tempter, he looked not at the depth of the forest, but at the blazes on the trees. He cherished neither that indifference to human opinion, which is either the mark of mean mind, or the sure precursor of disgrace, nor that feeling which caused the great Athenian orator to rejoice when he heard a little woman water-bearer whisper to another as he passed by, "This is that Demosthenes."

He was fortunate. Few ministers but encounter opposition, not only from the world, the flesh, and the devil, but from misguided good men—few whose purest motives have not been misconstrued, whose best deeds have not been misrepresented, or whose reputation has not been sullied by the tongue of slander. Cooper's fair fame never felt the breath of calumny, nor his good purposes the embarrassment of malice, envy, or ecclesiastical prejudice.

Many purchase approbation at the expense of truth. Not so Cooper; he did not withhold—did not diminish—did not neutralize, though he did *sweeten* the bitter pill of unwelcome doctrine. Others buy favor by *flattery*; though he could compliment distinguished merit, encourage despairing worth, and hold out the excellences of an associate, even a superior, to public view, he had the Roman integrity that

"Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

Some win popularity by *negative* character—by that sluggishness which disturbs nothing, that inactivity which produces nothing, and that narrowness which never looks beyond the precincts of its petty prejudice. Cooper was not of this class; his mind had the freshness of Ocean without his billows—the bloom of Earth without her thorns—the expanse and azure of heaven without its lightning or its cloud. In counsel—for one of his age—he was wise. Though he did not *figure* at conference, he was *felt*. Superficial observers think the man most frequently upon his feet, is the most important to the proceedings of a body; wiser spectators know that he who is perpetually whirling at the circumference, is the last to lay a strong hand upon the centre. Cooper knew what was to be done, and how, but

he modestly left it to older brethren to set the machinery in action. I do not remember ever to have heard him make a motion or a speech in conference. In private conversation, in digesting the business of committees, and in drafting reports, his influence was felt, while in electing delegates to the highest judicatory of the Church, his vote was often magnetic. In the various satellite institutions of the conference, whether as secretary, treasurer, or manager, he was a centre of motion. Of the education society he was emphatically—of late years—the mainspring.

There are beloved brethren who are capable of usefulness only in the regular work of the ministry. Cooper was equally fitted for the extraordinary labors which the interests of the Church require. When a youth was needed as an auxiliary agent for the Ohio Wesleyan University, the conference turned at once to him. Not only because of his capacity for the work, but the sweetness of his spirit, it was deemed wise to give so bright a star the widest possible orbit. He did not disappoint the expectations of his brethren. The accuracy and neatness of his accounts, the efficacy of his pleadings, the patience with which he endured opposition, and the prudence with which he obviated prejudice, and the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to his vocation, elevated him greatly. In his agency he neither lost his spirit nor suspended his ministerial functions, but contributed greatly to many precious revivals.

When a Superintendent of the Western Seaman's Friend Society looked over the North Ohio conference for one suited to sway the minds of sailors, he selected two, of whom Cooper was one. I shall give no offense to the other when I say, that though the Superintendent wrote *dignior* after his name, he wrote *dignissimus* after Cooper's. The conference gave him his choice. Thomas, accustomed from infancy to hear of storms, and reefs, and shipwrecks, knew how to sympathize with the generous and the too often homeless and unpitied ones who go down in ships—who do business beside great waters. In the cabin—on the decks—in the mariner's church, he served God with all humility of mind, and with many tears. From ship to ship he moved on the bosom of yonder bay, (Sandusky,) scarcely less beautiful than that of Naples, not ceasing night and day to pray for the generous hearts of the tarpaulin. They of the warehouse saw and loved him; and by their aid he built a "Bethel," collected a library, contributed to establish a Sailor's Magazine, and to spread through every cabin and steerage on the lakes the word of life. In the winter season, he passed from city to city, speaking for his holy cause. Indeed, so useful did he make himself, that, as I have been informed, the society for which he labored intended to ask the conference to give him up *entirely* to the Bethel cause.

He received all his appointments as coming from God, soliciting none—murmuring at none. When sent into a sickly region, he went with thankful-

ness. What cared he whether his errand were long or short!

"As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore,"

so knew he that his great business on earth was to hie to heaven. From the moment of his conversion, he was deeply pious; but while preaching a sermon at Mt. Vernon a few years ago, on the subject of sanctification, he was convinced that he had not that sweet *experience* which was necessary to enable him to present the subject in all its fullness. His spirits sank, and he concluded his discourse, though much to the satisfaction of his hearers, little to his own. A day or two after, but during the progress of the same meeting, he was visited with overpowering grace, and led to feel that he fulfilled the law, "Love the Lord with all thy heart," &c. On this subject he must speak for himself; he writes:

"At Home, July 17, 1849.

"O, of what value is an interest in Jesus, and a well-grounded hope of heaven! Sabbath was a sweet day of rest to my soul. After preaching in my Bethel, and attending to my Sabbath school, I went to the Methodist church to enjoy the love-feast and sacrament. I know not when I ever had so sweet a season. My soul seemed melted at the foot of the cross. I got such a view of the love of the Savior to me, of his infinite condescension in dying for me, and his love in *pardon*ing me so guilty, and *blessing* me so unworthy! I looked at my life and labors, and could see nothing meritorious in any thing I had done: then I remembered 'we have an Advocate with the Father;' and not of us, but through him, we have ground to hope. I do feel like living anew to the Lord. I have known the full power of the Gospel in saving from sin. I have been enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all unrighteousness, and for a long time have lived in the daily, hourly evidence of it. Sometimes the evidence has not been as clear as at others; and though my trust is still and always has been in the Savior, I think I have failed to bear testimony as I should have done to the fullness of his power to save. By his grace the time past shall suffice; from henceforth I dedicate and solemnly consecrate anew my all to God, and in all things seek his will."

Perhaps, gentle reader, you inquire, Had he no defects? He had. As an orator, he wanted wealth of imagery, terseness of expression, fire of passion. He had not the wing to bear him to the highest regions of oratory. He felt not the baptism that floats the soul on a solemn, awful stream of unnav-igable, overwhelming thought; but we might always say of his sermons what Sir John Denham did of the Thames,

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without overflowing, full."

He was not a man of inventive genius—timid in speculation, and cautious in action. Had he lived half a century, he might not have brought forward any new measure.

Perhaps he was not a man of adamant, who, like Noah, could preach righteousness while the world was filled with violence all around him. He was not a man of noble daring, who, like Luther, could hurl defiance at the Vatican. He was rather like the placid Melancthon, that could moderate and direct the spirit of the storm—fond of peace, patient of suffering, hopeful of good, sparing of censure, and fearful of change. His temper, his habits, his understanding, his instincts, all inclined him to be conservative. He was, however, neither of an uninquiring mind nor of a heart too timid to maintain his faith. He overcame the prejudices of education to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, I believe, would have died in fire rather than renounce his creed; but he had no sympathy "with those children of the Church who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hope that, by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life."

In this age of hero worshippers, when *agitation* is mistaken for *advance*, and *innovation* for *reform*—when the state assails her most venerated institutions with Vandalic violence, and the Church rather *erokes* the "New Jerusalem" from a troubled earth, than *insokes* it from a serene heaven, often trampling on holy oracles in her zeal to bring in the "millennial reign of the saints," this meek and quiet spirit, so much like that of Christ, may be deemed a weakness. Judge ye!

He was not adapted to controversy. I will not say that he was unprepared to meet an enemy; he could overcome when argument, satire, wit, and irony would have been of little avail; he could charm the foe away by his spirit, or burn him out by his prayers, or flood him out by his tears. Preferring, however, to stand on the broad planks where the evangelical Protestant Churches meet in union, and entertaining nothing of the spirit of those divines who fancy that their ecclesiastical lines are the limits of God's mercies, and that the only business of Heaven is to warm and water their moral territories, he rarely met with opposers. Moreover, he seemed better pleased to *persuade* than *contend*; the gall and vinegar of strife would have been unnatural upon those lips formed to distill the honey of persuasion.

He was not original. By this I do not mean that he did not arrange his own discourses and invent his own arguments and illustrations. I believe he rarely borrowed, nor did he deal in common-place remarks; but he had no "New Divinity." He was contented with the doctrines of Scripture, and preferred to state them in language clear, plain, and Scriptural, rather than so to cast them in the mold of human philosophy, that he who has studied them only in the words of Christ or Paul would not know them without a label. He did not, as Origen, attempt to reconcile Christ to Plato, nor as Maieusike, to fuse divine truth with the latest metaphysics.

For his arguments, he resorted not to that wisdom which is "foolishness with God," but to the sacred oracles, which he brought up not as a suspected witness, but as decisive on all questions concerning which it is not silent; nor did he despise consciousness, nor undoubted facts, nor the primal Scripture common sense, nor the pictorial Scripture nature, though he introduced them as collateral or corroborative. His reasoning was not of the hair-splitting, anatomizing, vermicular kind, but simple, vivid, rhetorical.

As a scholar, he was not so accurate or profound as he would have been had he commenced his studies earlier, or continued them with more ardor. He was, however, by no means inattentive to books. He made his Greek Testament his daily companion, and his daily critical study; and, notwithstanding his unremitting devotion to his appropriate work, he found time to revive and even enlarge his academical knowledge. So well-persuaded of this were his literary friends, that a motion was made, on or near the day of his death, in the Faculty of the Ohio Wesleyan University, to confer on him the second degree in the liberal arts—*honoris causa*; and this motion would have been carried without a dissenting voice but for a suggestion, that there were certain prudential reasons—not affecting him, however—for deferring it another year. Alas! we know not what a *day*, much less a *year*, may bring forth.

He was not one of those rare men whom the Church needs perhaps once in three centuries, who bury father, mother, friend, and forget home, wife, child, in their burning zeal to wrap a continent in the flames of Scriptural holiness. On the contrary, his domestic affections were very strong. He had a mother—for many years a widow: to her his heart in all his journeying turned. Well-suited to him were the sweet words of Willis:

"Dear mother, dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in my home?
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser aye his gold,
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told."

He had sisters—afflicted sisters. They leaned upon him, and were supported. There are lines here not for your eye, reader—I leave them out. The *last* time I saw him at the capital, he had come to see and bless a sister, who cannot speak his name, but shows her love with laughing eyes, and writes it with a pencil. So much the more as they were afflicted, so much the more did he love them. There was another object whom he loved, and whom he would have wedded. He had formed her acquaintance at the Seminary, and renewed it afterward. She was beautiful, accomplished, devoted, worthy of him. Sweet was their fellowship, such as it may be in heaven.

In the middle of July, while immersed in his duties at Sandusky City, the pestilence that walketh in darkness breathed upon him. On the twenty-third of that month, he started to see his betrothed,

and make arrangements for his nuptials. The disease returned upon him. His beloved saw him turn pale—saw the livid color settle around his eyes. He smiled, said he was happy, bade her not to be alarmed, and forbade her calling any one. He alluded to the cholera, said he was in the hands of God, ready to die by that or any other agency, and for some time lay talking sweetly of his perfect trust in God, the preciousness of Jesus, the hope of heaven. Summoning his energies, he mounted his horse, and, with affectionate cheerfulness, bade adieu—a last adieu, though little, perhaps, did the fair one list it. Slowly he moved through the solemn forest of the Tymochtee, cheered by the robin and the thrush, and sustained, doubtless, by Him who is “ever present—ever felt.” After two hours, he arrived at Carey, four miles distant, and during the following night sank into the arms of death.

Let us not weep; he has left us no cause of weeping, except the prematurity of his decease. As for his dear ones—as for the Church, God has promised to take care of them. As for him, let us rejoice. Sleep and Death are brothers. How do we bless the one, when rising renovated from the couch, we “hail yon holy light!” How shall we bless the other, when morning comes to the graves, and we hail the eternal sunbeams? Thomas liveth, sisters. Weep not; “thy brother shall rise again.”

This is, however, a mysterious providence; he was cut off in the midst of years, of useful labors, and pious enterprises, and joyful expectations, and ripening experience, and accumulating honors, not by the slow process of chronic disease, and in the arms of mother or sister, but suddenly, with none but the generous stranger to hear his last words, and lay him in a hasty grave. None, did I say? Jesus was there; and

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

That his end was peaceful we need not be told. The resources of our religion, which are sufficient for a happy life, are no less ample for a happy death. Though he died early, he lived long. One day of his useful life is worth a peccant immortality. He has entered paradise young, but with a spirit radiant with its light and redolent of its fragrance.

I have depicted a good man—some may think in coloring too deep. Richard Baxter in his old age said, “I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have many imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than admirers at a distance think.” All this may be true, but it forms no part of my philosophy or my feelings. If nearer approach show greater imperfections, perhaps a still nearer one—such as God only can make—might show, underlying them all, a great basis principle which he admires; if fuller trial bring out latent evils, further allowance must be made for them. I know “the commandment is

exceeding broad,” so, also, is the grace of Christ Jesus. Let us not look only through the windows of heaven for purity; it may be found on this side its gates of pearl.

THE PROPHET.

BY VIVIZIO.

“I had a dream that was not all a dream.”

I DREAMED. Far in a tangled wood,
Beside a gurgling stream, there stood
A cabin rude, and nothing round
Gave signs of life. No friendly sound
Of faithful dog—no voice was heard,
Save nature's through some flying bird.

I pushed aside the shattered door,
And stood upon the cold ground floor;
And, breathing with a hurried breath,
There lay a form.
It looked so haggard, wild, and wild,
I scarcely knew if it were man.

He turned on me his piercing eyes,
And, standing there in vast surprise,
I heard him whisper, “God of love,
O, thou hast heard my prayers above,
Yet give me strength this man to tell
Thy great designs—thy praise to swell.”

At once he spoke. His theme was war;
Its misery, groans, and sullen roar,
He told in tones that chilled my blood.
He spoke of famine o'er the flood—
Of chains, oppression, tyrants, shame;
And as he paused I asked his name.

“I have no time to tell thee now;
Death's dews are gathered on my brow;
Yet ere I go I fain would tell,
Heaven's high King does all things well;
Let men love RIGHT, ne'er JUSTICE bend,
Famines will cease and wars will end.

There is a day fast drawing nigh,
When all beneath God's flaming eye
Shall love and meekly worship truth—
When hoary men and fiery youth,
Governed by LOVE—by justice swayed,
Shall feel for man as man was made.

Go forth your mission to fulfill—
Go forth to do your Maker's will;
Speak out against oppression—wrong—
Speak out, 'twill make the spirit strong.
In word—in act—in every way,
Haste on the great evangel day.”

He said and ceased. Then round him played
A light that seemed from glory strayed,
And angel harpers from above
Flew with him to the throne of love.
I waked. No wood—no hut was seen;
And yet that dream's not all a dream.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. J. B. FINLEY.

THE following incident is one among many which have occurred in the history of my life, and which so strikingly illustrates the special providence of God, that I am induced to forward it for publication in the Repository. Mrs. Boarer, the heroine and narrator of the story, was the wife of Mr. George Boarer, and was, by education and parentage, a Roman Catholic. Her parents were natives of Berkley county, Va., and, at the time, were residents of the country in the vicinity of Sleepy Creek. Early on the morning of the 7th of January, 1800, she left home on a borrowed horse, to cross the Capin Mountains, to visit her aged parents. She took with her an infant child, a daughter, seven months old. The snow upon the mountains was three feet deep, and the weather was exceedingly cold. For defense, and company's sake, she took with her the house-dog, a very large spaniel. Having gained the top of the mountain range, she concluded to leave the great road, and, by a short cut, arrive the same night at her father's house.

She had, however, not proceeded far before she found herself bewildered, and, in consequence, becoming frightened. She dared not turn back, but wandered about through the mountain until night had settled its gloom over the world. She then dismounted; and having fastened her horse to a sapling, she prepared a place, as well as circumstances would admit, where to pass the night. The snow, as before remarked, was three feet deep; the darkness was profound, and the wind from the north-west broke in a hurricane above her. With no company but her child, and no protector but her dog, her condition was lonely beyond the imagination to conceive.

Fortunately, she had with her some extra clothing, in the shape of a cloak and a shawl. Removing, as well as she could, the snow from beneath a large tree, she took her apparel, and made the best disposition possible with it; and, with her child and her dog, she composed herself for the night.

Sister Boarer stated to me, that for a week previous to undertaking this journey she was unusually exercised about her spiritual welfare, and very frequently took an old prayer-book, and read it.

Now, far from her home, desolate and distressed, she felt the need of close communion with God. The prayers which she had read the week before came fresh to her mind, which she offered fervently to her Maker. The night was long and dreary, and she spent it without sleep. Very shortly after fastening her horse, the animal became uneasy, and, breaking his bridle, started off at full speed. This greatly added to her misfortunes, for she had hoped by him to have reached some settlement the next day.

At length day dawned; and though, by the help

of her clothing and her dog, she had kept herself and child from freezing, yet she was so benumbed by the cold as almost to be unable to walk and carry her infant daughter with her. This was Saturday morning. She now left part of her clothing, and made an effort to return to the point where she left the great road. After traveling until she was nearly exhausted, she concluded that, unless she reached the settlement, she must perish with the cold. Indulging the hope, however, that she might keep herself from freezing, or be found by some one, she thought it best to return to the spot where she passed the previous night. Accordingly, she started back, and, on her way, hung up her apron on a bush, and afterward a handkerchief, as signs of distress, in hope, though indeed but faint hope, that some passing hunter might see one or the other, and come to her relief. Late in the afternoon of Saturday, and with great difficulty, she regained her lodging-place.

But feeling now the dread of passing another night in so desolate a place, and summoning that indomitable spirit of courage, peculiar to her sex when in difficulty and danger, and seeing the sun fast declining, she determined to change her course, and make one more desperate effort to gain some settlement. Throwing off part of her apparel, in order to be less encumbered, she began again to contend with the snow, rocks, and caverns of the mountains, and at length came to a deep, narrow gorge, down the sides of which she could not descend with her child.

She looked up and down, but could see no place that offered an easier passage than the one before her. She hesitated a moment, but having no other alternative, she threw her child over, and then followed herself. By taking hold of the laurel bushes on the opposite side of the ravine, she managed to crawl up to the place where her child lighted, which, to her great joy, she found uninjured, save by a slight scratch on its face, caused by its falling on the crust of the snow. Resuming her journey, she came upon a hog-path, which led to a cleft of shelving rocks where these animals were accustomed to sleep.

She had now traveled—as was afterward ascertained—one mile and a half. Here she might have remained sheltered for the night, but fearing the return of the half-starved hogs, and that herself, her child, and her dog, might all become a sudden prey to their voraciousness, and her family never learn their fate, she immediately resumed her march, and, weary and faint, made her way about three hundred yards off, to the side of the mountain. Finding her stockings entirely cut up by the crust of the snow, and her limbs, and ankles, and feet all bleeding, she yielded the struggle, and, under some pine bushes hard by, she obtained a place to sit down; but the snow sinking beneath her, rendered her situation most critical and desperate.

She took care to wrap her clothes around her feet

and body, as well as she could; then clasping her babe warm to her bosom, she committed herself to God.

Her faithful dog had not left her, and this night would lie down just where she bade him; sometimes on her feet and limbs, and sometimes at her back, changing alternately, as if to keep her from freezing. During the night she fell asleep, being exhausted with the labor and with want of food. This night it snowed and blew, until the new fall of snow was ten inches deep on the top of the former. When she awoke she heard the chickens crowing at the foot of the mountain, and the dogs barking, so near was she to a house; but the wind was blowing directly from them to her, which proved extremely unfavorable to her. About the same time she thought she heard the people feeding their cattle. She called as loud and as long as she could, but no one came to her relief. This morning she found that her feet and limbs were badly swelled, and the skin, in many places, broken.

This discovery went home to her heart, and she commenced to make her peace with God, and gave herself up to die. She thought if her infant child were dead, she, too, could die in peace; but, to leave it to perish with cold and hunger, was a thought more than a mother's heart could bear. She laid the little thing down to freeze to death before she should die herself, but when it wept, she would take it up, and clasp it to her bosom. Despairing at last to make herself heard, as the wind continued to blow violently in a contrary direction, she resorted to another expedient. It was this: She pinned her child's bonnet around the dog's neck, and sent him to solicit help. The poor animal, as if perfectly understanding her meaning, started off immediately, and was afterward tracked to the house nearest to his distressed mistress, and then to a mill; but, it being Sabbath day, and extremely cold, the dwellings were all shut up, and no one saw him, and in an hour or two he returned, and took up his station. When it was becoming about feeding time she commenced calling again, and a man on the top of a stack of hay heard her, and told his wife that he heard something on the mountain making a noise like a person in distress; and he went to a neighbor and told him the same thing; to which the latter, however, only replied, "I suppose it must be a panther." This night was likewise spent in making her peace with God, and she stated to me that if she had perished that night she had no doubt but that she would have gone to heaven. Part of the night was spent in great anxiety about her child. Her faithful dog, as he had done before, kept close to her, and would lay down precisely where told to. This circumstance, in connection with that of being covered with snow, kept her from freezing to death.

In the morning, which was Monday, she commenced calling, the third time, for help. Her clothes were frozen to the ground, and kept her from rising, and her exhaustion was complete. She called like

one yielding to despair; but the wind being now favorable, a man who was feeding his stock heard her voice, as also did his wife in the house, who was intimately acquainted with the distressed heroine of our narrative, and who said to her husband, "If Polly Boarer was near, I should say it was her voice." James Smith and John M'Tytre took their guns, and mounted their horses and started; but were deceived in their course by the echoes of Mrs. Boarer's voice. They hunted nearly all day, and returned home, and were about putting up their horses, when Mr. Smith heard the same plaint of distress. The sun was about an hour high, and the long, lingering beams, striking from the far horizon upon the snow-clad wilds, inspired feelings of the deepest gloom and solitude.

They started again, but the feeble cry of the perishing woman had ceased, and, just as the men were taking a wrong direction, she said that she felt an indefinable, mysterious feeling come over, which said that if she only would call again, help would come to her. She, therefore, called once more, and was heard, and found.

But a new difficulty now arose. She was frozen to the ground, and was almost lifeless, and her faithful dog refused to let the strangers approach. At length, however, he was pacified. She had not shed a tear until this moment of her rescue. But now the tears fell, like rain-drops, from her eyes. She was speedily conveyed to the nearest house, where she became insensible, and remained so for twenty-four hours. The flesh fell, or rather peeled off her limbs, and many of her toes came off; so that she was unable to walk until the following August—a period of over six months. Her husband supposed that his wife was safe at her father's, and her father never thought that she had started to visit his family. The horse, after becoming free, did not return home; so that there was no suspicion felt in regard to her safety.

I leave the reader to his and to her own reflections on this incident. I have heard the mother and the daughter tell, in love-feast, what I have here imperfectly told you. How true, and how applicable in every condition of life—in poverty or in health, in prosperity or adversity, in sunshine or in storm, in plenty or in distress—that declaration of the merciful Keeper of our race, "My grace is sufficient for thee!"

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

MAN is endowed, by his benevolent Creator, with a decided mental superiority over brutes; and this gives him command, to a great extent, of their welfare. He is thus constituted a sort of guardian of their happiness; and the trust reposed should render him magnanimously careful of his conduct toward them. How unworthy, how ungenerous, how out of character, therefore, is cruelty to the very least of them! It is a mark of real nobility of nature to be kind to them!

PEN-PORTRAITS OF LIVING PREACHERS,
WHOM THE READER MAY NAME.

—
BY ROBERT A. WEST.
—

"Whose is this image? And they say," *****.

SOME men have facial peculiarities so bold and striking, that the broadest caricatures of them are easily recognized; the countenances of others are so lacking in distinctive character, that a "portrait of a gentleman," taken at random from an artist's gallery, would serve for a likeness of any of the class; and there are others whose characteristic expression is so subtle—such a compound of varying indices—that it is only by a succession and combination of minute touches that the artist can truthfully transfer it to canvas. Such, in mental conformation, to a very considerable extent, is the subject before us.

The Rev. Dr. ***** is a distinguished preacher in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He entered upon the itinerancy in 1819, and is now probably about fifty years of age. But his appearance in the pulpit is far from semi-centenarian; it is scarcely more than that of one who is lingering at the half-way house on the journey of life. This deception in the matter of age is heightened by his lightish hair and complexion, his rather slender figure, a small, and, in its opening tones, even feeble voice, and a general quietness of demeanor, the effect of which is deepened in the pulpit by the *naïveté* with which he is wont to solicit stillness on the part of the congregation, lest he should fail to make himself heard. These peculiarities give him an appearance of fewer years than of right belong to him, especially when he stands in the centre of a capacious desk, surrounded by one of those vast congregations which his advertised ministrations never fail to attract. Hold a *tête-à-tête* with him in the street, or when his head is covered, and scan more closely the lines of his face, and the circumference of his frame, and there does not seem so great a difference between his real and apparent age. We do not recall any other distinctive physical attribute, except a certain lassitude in all his movements—a lack of buoyancy and impulsiveness. He walks and moves as though restrained by some invisible agency, or as though the atmosphere presented a too powerfully resisting medium.

It is thus that the reverend gentleman ascends the pulpit, and thus that he commences the services of the sanctuary. He has the *appearance* of one who drags himself wearily to the duty. Sometimes even the opening prayer is offered under this incubus of seeming inertness. The hearer, however, receives the impression that the preacher is laboring under nervous depression rather than suffering from physical debility; and this idea is confirmed by the sudden and brief bursts of fervor which occasionally relieve even his least impassioned prayers and intercessions. He has acquired,

too, or it may be natural, a peculiar drawl, or singing tone, which, although in any other person it would be disagreeable, is in such perfect keeping with the apparent languor already referred to as not to be displeasing. Mingled sympathy and expectation, with, in the breast of a stranger at least, a slight distrust—a shadow of an apprehension that the preacher will not justify his high reputation, dispose the audience to close attention at the very commencement of the discourse. The opening sentences increase this disposition. Indeed, we have rarely heard a public speaker whose erudition, while entirely free from display, so strikingly indicates the accomplished scholar. His style is simple and chaste, and all his words are "fitly chosen," if words can be said to be "chosen" which seem to flow spontaneously with the copiousness and beauty of a deep and tranquil river. With rare exceptions, his language is purely Anglo-Saxon.

So far as our own observation goes, Dr. ***** does not, in preaching, enter directly upon the discussion of his main subject; or lay down, at starting, any definite proposition as the first step in a series of inductions which are to bring up the great theme of his discourse. He proceeds slowly, but with perfect ease and self-command, and utters several sentences before the hearer has any perception of the path by which the preacher will reach his text and subject. Before long, however, rays of light are emitted, all pointing in one direction, and the audience receive a faint idea of the train of thought to be pursued; and soon, not unfrequently, by a rapid bound, the preacher gains the threshold of his main subject. Here he pauses awhile, as if to take breath, or, perhaps, to excite expectation, and indulges in a few sentences, which, though in themselves important, scarcely seem relevant—at least the hearer feels that he could dispense with them at that particular moment, when the preacher seemed about to "unlock the truth" and "unseal the sacred word." When the Doctor thinks that curiosity has been sufficiently stimulated—when the audience have been detained long enough in the porch—he unlocks the door and throws open the temple of truth. Probably before he enters within the portals, he will again linger over some favorite theory. But when once he *has* entered, and stands under the shadow of the cherubim, and the skirts of his sacerdotal robe, so to speak, touch the mercy-seat, sprinkled with the blood of the slain Lamb, then he stands before the silent multitude in a new attitude. His frame seems to expand; the gravity of his countenance kindles into majesty—even to sternness; the oppressive listlessness is gone; the eye flashes, and the tones, that erst came trilling gently upon the ear, rapidly deepen and swell, until, like a roaring torrent or successive peals of thunder, they fall with overwhelming power upon the congregation. At such times the appeals of the preacher are startling, and his denunciations of the impenitent fearful. All that one has heard of the terrors of Mt.

Sinai, of the tragic scenes on Calvary, of the awful and stern realities of the judgment day, of the scorch of the eternal torment, and of the maddening anguish of unceasing woe, of the imperative obligations of the law and of the sublime justice of Gospel, all seem to inspire the speaker and hurl their thunders from his lips.

Yet we incline to think that there is in this, on the preacher's part, much that is purely physical and mechanical. We do not say this disparagingly. The preacher's aim is to arouse the consciences and move the hearts of his hearers; and the means he employs are both lawful and expedient. Too many preachers are content to repeat their sermons without apparent emotion, and to the neglect of the aid of voice and gesture, so essential to impression. They lay themselves open to the old accusation of enunciating the sublimest verities as though they were fiction, or mere human opinions. It should be habitually borne in mind by every ambassador of Jesus Christ, that, in this day, and in this land, comparatively few hearers of the Gospel require to be instructed in the nature of its requirements, but *do* need to be incited to the acceptance of its provisions. As regards Dr. ***** we simply mean that in this declamation there is not an outburst of ideas corresponding with the increased vehemence of tone and impetuosity of manner; the thoughts are less forcible than the utterance; and, hence, we have met with few who could recall, in after days, *what* was said at such moments. The impulse of feeling made a more powerful and permanent impression than the ideas or thoughts. The vast moving power of some of his discourses would never be imagined by those who have merely read them. All would admire their purity of diction and perfection of arrangement, but none would suppose that their delivery had so excited the hearers, that the preacher had been compelled, as was once the case in New York city, to lean over the desk, "pleading for silence, and striving to allay the excitement which his own eloquence had occasioned." We are the more confident in this opinion from having ourselves, more than once, embodied, in stenographic characters, the "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," and, after the lapse of time, failed to find, to the extent we anticipated, the breath and fire which, in the enunciation, wrought such wonderful effects.

We have before us a sermon, published by our present subject sixteen or seventeen years ago, on the Omnipresence of God, which we have read with interest, as affording a means of comparing the past with the present. The discourse differs, in several respects, from the author's style of preaching at the present time, and was probably written expressly for publication. It makes a greater display of learning than the gentleman's oral discourses; and, perhaps, on the other hand, has less felicity of expression and general beauty of style.

The gentleman whose portrait we are endeavor-

ing faithfully to transfer to the pages of the Repository, possesses great skill in pictorial representation, although he rarely elaborates a description. His most vivid pictures are often perfected by a single stroke. By some felicitous expression, he simultaneously gives the last touch to the picture, and throws a flood of light upon it, so that the people are taken completely by surprise. An instance of this kind we well remember, and it will probably never be effaced from our recollection. Dr. ***** was preaching in New York city, soon after he had made a tour in Europe and the east. His text was Acts xxiv, 14, 15; the subject, the resurrection. While describing the events attending the crucifixion—the sable darkness, the quivering earth, the opening graves—by brief but exceedingly apposite allusions to the localities where they occurred, he placed the whole tragedy, with its marvelous concomitants, before his hearers with a vividness that necessarily made an indelible impression upon the mind. "Since I last stood in this holy place," he said, "my feet have stood within thy gates, O, Jerusalem!" and I have wandered amid the scenes where those graves stand open now;" and he added such a graphic description of the country as increased a hundred-fold the interest of the New Testament narrative. We took notes of this discourse; but having then no intention of "sketching" the reverend gentleman, did not preserve them with sufficient accuracy to justify their insertion here as an illustration of his skill in this particular.

A fair specimen, however, of his peculiar gift of scene-painting, is available. After the return of our subject from his European and eastern tours, he published the result of his observations in some interesting volumes, the mention of which fact will perhaps scarcely aid the reader in solving the question at the head of this paper, since narratives of European tours may be counted by scores. We refer to a passage in one of his volumes, describing a walk "*alone*, up the valley of Jehoshaphat," and an "opportunity of a *solitary* wandering among the tombs, and of standing *alone* upon the sacred soil of Gethsemane." We do not hesitate to describe the passage as one of the most vivid and impressive pen-paintings ever produced. We have read it again, and again, and again, and always with a thrill of deepest emotion. The picture is instinct with nature and with life, while a solemn atmosphere, bordering upon the supernatural, is thrown around the scene. The frequent, but always timely and elegant, repetition of the idea of solitude deepens the accumulating sacredness of the place and hour, and the isolation of the pensive traveler, while it awakens associations connected with that doleful night so sacred to the affections of every Christian. And how much of nature, too, in the following: "Again and again had I passed by the inclosure, but could not bring myself to enter it; now, however, I was *alone*, and soon to depart from the Holy City, and my feelings had been softened by a walk

among the tombs." Then a single sentence describes and identifies the sacred locality of those mysterious sufferings by which a world was redeemed; another pictures the approach, the climbing over a tottering wall, the sitting down at the foot of a gnarled and aged olive, and the whisper, by the excited imagination, of the Savior's prayer. "The stillness of the place was"—and might well be—"oppressive." "Mine eyes were constrained to attest the power of the place over the heart, and as I arose, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I must go hence, and never again shall I see thee, O Gethsemane! But I shall see the Lord of life and glory coming a second time without sin unto salvation,'" &c. Reader, is not the description most touchingly beautiful? And often does the same chaste and delicate fancy enrich the oral discourses of our subject, and heighten the charm of his eloquence.

We rank the reverend gentleman as a clear and speculative rather than a profound thinker; and we have heard the same opinion expressed by intelligent persons who have been favored with his regular ministrations. We are free to add, that we think his love of speculation is sometimes too prominent in his pulpit discourses, although his speculations always result in practical counsels and appeals. A case in point may be mentioned. The reverend gentleman was preaching on the subject of divine providence, and had laid down a plan of discourse that gave promise of a logical exposition and practical enforcement of a doctrine which, though truly Scriptural and eminently full of consolation, is far too much neglected in our pulpit ministrations at the present day. Having heard the Doctor in the morning with mingled profit and delight, our expectation was raised to a high pitch when the subject of the discourse was named, and rose still higher when the scheme of the sermon was unfolded. But the spirit of speculation came over the preacher; theory after theory was evolved, metaphysical niceties were minutely canvassed, ingenious distinctions elaborately wrought out, to the necessary exclusion, for lack of time, of that practical exposition and application of the subject which the preacher's scheme promised, and which the preacher, we do not doubt, originally designed. Yet we apprehend that there is no doctrine of the Bible more eminently practical in its character, or more expressly adapted to be of paramount utility and comfort to man, than this blessed doctrine of the general and special providence exercised by the Almighty over the affairs of his people.

We have said that, in the discourse of which we have spoken, the reverend gentleman probably departed from his original purpose in the *matter* of his sermon, which reminds us that his platform addresses, there can be little doubt, are frequently, if not generally, entirely extempore. Sometimes, we suspect, even the subject is unpremeditated, and is gathered from some passing incident, or the remarks of some of the previous speakers. He is, therefore, necessarily unequal as a platform speaker. His

failures, however, are few, and chiefly to be attributed to the lack of susceptibility or enthusiasm on the part of the audience. If there be but smoldering embers of fire in the hearts of the congregation, that will brighten up when he first breathes upon them—if there be any warmth to respond to his, and emit sparks on the first collision—the glowing flame will soon burst forth, and the house will echo with his impassioned declamation, or the audience be moved to smiles by the playfulness of his wit. Taking him "on the average," he has few superiors in platform eloquence; measuring him by his happiest efforts, we should scarcely admit that he has an equal. It is here that the fertile genius of the man is most apparent—a genius that can embellish and infuse new life and interest into the most common-place topics, and gild with beauty whatsoever it touches.

We have spoken only of the clerical, or professional, or public character of the gentleman whose portrait we have essayed to paint. Of his personal attributes we know little except by report. We saw something of him in the General conference of 1844. He took a prominent and effective part in the discussions of that assembly, and especially in the preparation of some of the elaborate and important documents connected with the separation of the South from the North. From our own imperfect observation, but more especially what we have learned by the "hearing of the ear," we incline to give the gentleman credit for some noble qualities of heart, a clear perception, indomitable perseverance, and a confirmed habit of observation. He is, unquestionably, one of those of whom Solomon says, "A wise man's eyes are in his head." His personal history is interesting and instructive. He is a native, we believe, of Kentucky, and the son of a farmer. He resided with his father, and labored on the farm daily, until he was about fourteen years of age; was then apprenticed for three years to a mechanic, and at the close of that term had received little or no education; became converted to God, and set about diligently the acquisition of learning; was inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon himself the ministry of reconciliation; and was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. In 1819 he was received "on trial" in the Ohio conference, and was appointed to Greenville. In 1821, while still giving earnest heed to his ministry, he commenced the study of the classics at a neighboring university. In four years' time, he had made such acquisitions, that he was appointed Professor of Languages in a college in his native state, and subsequently Professor of Natural History in the same institution. In 1832 he was appointed to one of the most important offices of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General conference, which office, two years afterward, he resigned, in order to assume the presidency of an important institution, which post he held about eleven years, and ultimately resigned and resumed the full discharge of those ministerial duties upon which, thirty years

ago, he entered at the call of his Master, and with the cordial approbation of the Church. The reader will perceive that our subject is a "self-made man;" or, in other words, that he is a living example of the power of genius, industry, perseverance, probity, and piety, to exalt a man above his fellows.

Who is he?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY F. S. G.

"A MOTHER'S LOVE! O, never, sure,
Did sweeter or more holy feeling—
A flame from earthly dross so pure—
On this our sinful earth find dwelling;
A coin so free from base alloy—
A love so near to that above—
ANGELS might covet to enjoy
A pious MOTHER'S tender LOVE!"

WHAT a sacred shrine on earth is a fond mother's holy love! How pure—how unchanging—how deathless!—love as pure as the sunny light of heaven, as unchanging as the laws that govern the universe, and as deathless as immortality itself!—a love that defies the decaying touch of time, outlives life, and claims kindred with the skies! A MOTHER'S LOVE! What beautiful words! What a sublime combination! How full of touching beauty and tenderness! and how replete with associations, hallowed and dear, to memory!

MOTHER! She who gave me being, watched over me in the helpless hours of infancy and childhood, and taught me to kneel at her side, and there breathe out my soul in prayer to God.

MOTHER! She who endeavored to lead me in the path of piety and peace, sought to mold my character for usefulness and honor in society, and longed so earnestly to see me prepare for my great destiny beyond the grave.

MOTHER! That sainted being who, amid the last pangs of dissolving mortality, besought me to meet her in that happy clime where all is peace and joy; and then, with the out-beaming sunshine of divine love, gleaming forth in every expression of her countenance, and sparkling in heavenly radiance from her eye, bade me a long, long farewell.

LOVE! The pure, all-pervading essence of that mother's soul—the holiest attribute of her nature! LOVE! The sublimest passion that warmed her heart, and spoke forth in every action, word, thought, and feature. LOVE! The sacred link that bound her to her boy on earth, and the guardian angel that followed her to the skies."

O, what happy thoughts gather round the precious memory of a dear, departed mother! I may not dwell longer on this delightful though solemn theme. Her warfare is over, and hers is the "glory of the saints in light." She has reached the heaven of eternal peace, and is waiting, no doubt, the triumphant entry of her son into the glorious mansion of the redeemed. In the dim vista of the

future, I hail the day when we shall meet again in glorified bodies, when we shall be "caught up into the air, and shall ever be with the Lord."

BURIAL OF SCHILLER.

BY HARRIST J. MERE.

"The heavens were clouded, but the nightingales sung loud and full. When the bier was lowered, a wind suddenly dispersed the mists, and the moon streamed full upon the coffin."

BULWER'S BIOGRAPHY OF SCHILLER.

THE wild beast shrunk with a strange affright
As the wing of the tempest passed;
But the fearless song of the bird of night
Rang out on the wailing blast,
That waited for the heart with its purpose high,
Now barred 'neath the oaken lid,
And the heavens were sad for the burning eye
In the rayless shadows hid.

He had made him friends of the wind and cloud,
And communed with the distant star,
When hate's high clamor was fierce and loud,
And brethren were few and far;
They had heaped the leaves for his throbbing head,
And watched by the cheerless spot,
When to-day was faint with its scanty bread,
And to-morrow a banished thought.

And he clung to them still when his faith was tried,
When the laurel bound his head,
And his name was fraught with a nation's pride
In the land that his feet had fled.
O, hearts that loved him, now weary and worn
With a weight on each trembling string,
And ties that had stretched till the souls were torn,
Still mocked at the terror-king.

The bier was lowered. With a sudden start
The storm-god checked his breath,
And the winds that raved o'er the confined heart
Were hushed to as deep a death;
The clouds defiled, and their rapid bars
To the mountain-top were led,
While the mournful eyes of the marshaled stars
Were heavy with tears unshed.

But their queen looked down with her brow unvail'd,
And smiled, and her smiles grew bright,
Till the ranks on the mountain were silver-mailed,
And the grave was a well of light;
For she knew of an immortality
That the failing flesh puts on;
And a light which the eye will only see
When visions and tears are done.

But the mourners turned with their grief unblest
From the ruin of fame and worth,
When a voice came down on the ear at rest
Whose sweetness was strange to earth.
They knew the lyre; for its music hung
In the thrill of the spirit's breath,
But the hand that swept, and the cords that strung,
Were far from the land of death.

FUGITIVE LETTERS.

NUMBER II.

BY VINCE.

YOUR last communication is before me, waiting a response, which it would have had long ere this but for the difficult problem therein contained, and which I feel myself incompetent to solve.

By the way, had I written such a letter, it would have been attributed to melancholy, morbid sensitiveness, or undue mental depression; but as my good friend — is never troubled with any thing of that kind, of course it must be explained on different principles.

The picture you have sketched is indeed gloomy enough, though it must be confessed that it is overdrawn, and, in many respects, hardly applicable to the present time. You ask why there are no such revivals now as at a former period, why such a spiritual dearth, and whether this state of things does not imply either a decrease of piety among the clergy or that they had mistaken their ministerial call. As it regards religious declension, wherever it may exist, and its connection with the vocation of the ministry, it is certainly perplexing, and has often sorely puzzled me, involving, as it does, matter of grave, solemn deliberation. It becomes us seriously to inquire after the reasons, and in doing so to ask Divine aid, that "what in us is dark may be illumined" by a purer, holier light than that of reason.

Doubtless, the state of the Church—assuming, for the sake of discussion, that your view of it is correct—is owing, not to one, but to a variety of causes. Without attempting to enumerate or classify them all, I may mention, generally, the growing taste for fashionable, vain, and vicious amusements; the wide-spread influence of a corrupt, licentious, infidel literature; the backsliding tendencies of so-called "reform" and other popular societies; the insatiable thirst of gold now sweeping over the land like a moral pestilence; the fierce, grasping, and unholy passions excited by national ambition, military glory, and the love of conquest and war; and the wild spirit of revolution now so rife throughout the world, with its associated vague desire for social and other changes, as if men were tired of old things, and eagerly panted after something new, without knowing or caring what. All these causes, and many others external to the Church, but constantly acting upon it, have had a powerful influence to unsettle men's minds, and to unhinge the world, as it were, from its ancient fastenings. It is obvious, too, that their moral and religious tendencies must be of the most unfavorable character.

But let us look within the Church, and see what is operating there. Among the internal and specific causes of declension, so far as it may exist, and which has been alluded to, and variously explained,

by different writers for the last few years, let me notice,

1. Our unhappy ecclesiastical controversies. Certainly it is not my intention here to say one word on the merits of the question, nor blame one side more than another. Far be it from me to open up the wounds of the Church, and cause them to bleed afresh. Rather would I apply the healing balm, and pour the sweet sympathies of heaven over her sorrows. But then is it not true that in the course of these family quarrels much hot blood has been engendered, many bitter things have been said, and words like barbed arrows of fire have flown thick and fast, not from our common foes, but from the watchmen on the walls of Zion? We have seen distinguished men assailing each other in language unbecoming even to political partisans. When such persons thus publicly accuse each other of improper motives, of intrigue, dissimulation, and falsehood, what are the members of the Church and the people of the world likely to think? It is easy to see how the devil would help them to draw inferences, and apply them to the entire body of the clergy. It may be said that the controversy is now over. Perhaps it is; but if so, the effects are still visible. The mighty stream that is black or yellow with alluvion, ceases to be a river when it meets the ocean; but long afterward its course may be followed, and its color distinguished for many miles at sea, where its turbid elements deeply stain the waters.

2. Laxity in the administration of Discipline is unfavorable to our spiritual prosperity. I stay not to inquire whether this is always owing to clerical delinquency, or to the force of circumstances, which even the preachers cannot control. Is it true, that in many of our leading Churches there are nominal members, who scarcely ever attend the meetings for prayer and relation of experience—who attend parties where dancing and other frivolities are carried on—dress in the height of fashion—play what are called innocent games of chance—use quasi oaths—take unlawful interest, and every other advantage that they can in the way of business and speculation? It is said that all this is done, and with impunity. Why so? The persons who act thus, are, it may be presumed, amiable, good-natured people, who treat us civilly, and who, therefore, seem to deserve civil treatment in return. They are with us in sentiment; don't want to be any thing else; and we dislike to take such a course as would drive them to other denominations. They are rich, influential men, who speak of us confidentially to our elder brethren, who write letters to conference, and who are usually consulted about the appointments of their ministers; and, therefore, we let them alone. Besides, our predecessors have allowed them to slip year after year; and, for fear of being called "rash administrators," we feel constrained to follow their example. Of course, while such cases exist, we cannot consistently execute the Discipline on poorer members. We look at

these difficulties until it seems to us that our own isolated effort at reformation can be but useless. So it is postponed, until some general plan can be adopted to remedy the evil; and thus conscience is quieted from year to year. All wrong; but more truth in it than speculation.

3. Our want of faith in the ordinary means of grace, seems to me a most prolific source of evil. Formerly, and perhaps it is still too much the case, revivals were expected in the winter as a matter of course; in the summer no one dreamed of such a thing. Hence, extraordinary means were chiefly depended upon for accessions to the Church, and woe to the preacher who failed to procure foreign help, or other attractions, for protracted meetings in the winter. In the management of these matters brethren went to great extremes: gross excesses were permitted. What now are the consequences? Why, the period of revivals has well-nigh passed away; the time of reaction has come.

The truth is, the human mind cannot bear a long-continued, powerful excitement on any subject without danger to its health and freedom. One extreme begets another. Cataleptic ecstasy is often followed by languor and depression. In proportion as the swelling tide rolls up, and is thrown far out upon the beach, so is the retreat and subsidence of the reflux waters. The ship that careers so wildly on the towering tempest wave, is anon pitched, head foremost, into the trough of the sea, and thoroughly drenched in the salt billows. In the soul's dream, as well as in the subsequent fact, the seven years of plenty were followed by seven years of famine. Analogies of this kind are numerous.

So in religious matters, how many there are who rush from one extreme of feeling to another!—with Paul in the third heaven of enjoyment, or like — in the castle of Despair. At one time, they are up among the clouds; at another, like the Jewish captives, down by the cold stream of Babylon, with harps hanging on the willow.

Churches and societies have had their fluctuations. The great tides of religious prosperity that rolled over the land a few years since, are now subsiding. The waves are rolling back upon us with disastrous effect, because they were previously raised too high, and pushed beyond the boundaries of reason and propriety.

What, then, do I infer from this? Not certainly that revivals of themselves are wrong, and ought to be discouraged; by no means. If they are of the right stamp, with the superscription and seal of Heaven upon them—if they are full of a Divine unction, characterized by depth of feeling rather than intensity of artificial excitement—if they are wisely regulated and properly improved, then I say, let them come. Nothing can be more delightful or invigorating than such "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" only, instead of trying to "get up" revivals, let God send them down. Jehovah's own work, and not the spurious

imitation thereof, is what we want. The first is essential to the life and growth of the Church; the other is harmful, and superinduces spiritual death. Hence, it seems to me that, while we should avail ourselves of all opportunities of usefulness, and turn to good account every special manifestation of the Holy Spirit, we should, nevertheless, place our chief dependence on the ordinary means of grace, and have faith in them as God's own appointed and most blessed instrumentalities. If properly used, with fervent prayer and holy zeal, and corresponding effort, we have reason to believe that they will be "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Such are a few only of the many causes to which a low state of religion may be attributed. They are given partly as answers to your questions. But, as it regards the decay of personal piety among the preachers, and the general want of fruit as an evidence against their call to the ministry, perhaps it were best to say nothing. To their own Master they must stand or fall; and since God alone can truly weigh the motives and determine the characters of men, let us leave that matter with him. But is it not possible, think you, for a man to outlive his call? If the great apostle of the Gentiles was afraid that, after having preached to others, he himself might become a cast-away, surely there is reason for us to dread a similar result. Remember, too, that Paul was not equally successful at all times, even though he had a faith that was sublime, backed by the thunders of eloquence, and the gift of supernatural power. Courage, then, my brother! from the very fears of this eminent saint let us raise a revenue of hope and confidence.

The question of personal piety and ministerial usefulness is indeed momentous. It is proposed directly to us. It asks, nay, it compels us, as with God's lighted candles, to search every dark corner of our own deceitful hearts. Will conscience bear the contact of such an awful flame? Alas! the truth would fall like fire upon the nerves of the soul. And yet we must meet a still more terrific and insufferable blaze—the burning *eye* of a just and holy God!

Happy will it be for us, if, in the exercise of a candid self-examination, we can detect our errors in time, so as to apply the proper remedy. Above all things, let us bathe our hearts in that blood which will hide their unworthiness from the eye of Infinite Purity.

TYRANNY.

THINK'ST thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence, the apathy, the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.

VERY much is spoken in our days about the emancipation of the female sex; and, also, in some parts of Germany, it has been tried to open for it a more public career. But those women who are not blinded by pride or a misled patriotism, have said, and ever will say, "Public life is not our sphere; ours is in the retired family circle; and though this task is a less brightening one, it is still important enough; for while we live unknown and retired, we have in our hands the means to do much good to our beloved country. Is it not to our sex that, to a great extent, was confided the education of children; and do we not know, by the history of illustrious men, of those who were most distinguished in Church and state, what influence have exercised on the development of their minds the example and the words of a faithful and enlightened mother? If we are convinced that order and obedience in the family are the ground of all prosperity in the state, we shall no longer think slightly of the task of woman; we shall only ask which are the means presented to them by public and private education, to make them most fitted for the accomplishment of their task?

Their life is to be spent in a quiet and modest manner; and so it will be desirable for them to have been themselves kept up in a certain retirement. If God bestowed on a girl the invaluable gift of having been born of Christian parents, it will be their first duty to let their child partake of the grace offered to us in the sacrament of baptism. They so deeply feel how much God confided to them in bestowing an immortal soul under their care, and how many dangers surround their infant from its very entrance into this world, that they earnestly seek for their heavy task the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, and faithfully believe that Jesus Christ will succor them the more in elevating their child for his honor the sooner they offer it to him. Enriched by the gift of the Holy Ghost, the child will grow up watched by the incessant prayers of her faithful parents, who, notwithstanding, will soon have to combat in her, Sin, the mortal foe of mankind. The mother will pray to God to give her the wisdom which enables her to distinguish the childish errors which must be borne with patience from the faults of the heart which are to be braved in their very beginning. But knowing that all human efforts vainly attempt to change a sinful heart into a repentant one, it will be the mother's sweetest and greatest care, not only to offer prayers for her child at the throne of God, but to bring it often with her before that throne, and to neglect no means fitted to plant in this young mind the Savior's love. If the manifold duties of a German household give the mother very much to do, she yet will gather round her, every morning and evening, her children and servants, to pray, and to read the holy Scriptures with them.

Perhaps she will not read much; but she will do it in a manner which tells her child how necessary she thinks it always to seek comfort and strength in the eternal words of the Bible. She will speak on what has been read, and soon will have learned her little girl small passages of the Scriptures. This exercise will be continued in school, where many hymns and verses of the Bible are learned, as the greatest treasure which can be given to the youth.

As to the education of the people, Wurtemberg may be termed one of the richest and happiest countries. The child of the poorest man, who, perhaps, cannot call a farthing his own, receives instruction as well as the offspring of the rich. This we owe to the excellent arrangements made by our prince, Christoph, born 1515, whose name will always be blessed in our country; for his was the sweet task of introducing and supporting the Reformation among his subjects. The new light which burst upon the Church had to seek its firmest support in Christian schools; they were founded in towns and villages, and continue to the present day. Every child has to enter school in his sixth year; an exception of that rule can only take place when the parents give the assertion that their child receives sufficient private instruction by well-examined teachers. In ordinary schools, reading, writing, singing, and arithmetic, are taught, the Bible being the manual. In higher institutions for the female sex, geography, history, natural history, literature, natural philosophy, French, music, and drawing, are commonly taught besides the first elements of learning. The afternoon generally is destined for knitting and needle-work. But in the higher, as in the lower schools, religious instruction will not be wanting, and the place it occupies in their daily learning shall teach the children its importance for life. This is still more deeply impressed on them when they enter the time where childhood is giving way for youth—where they shall act for themselves, and be regarded as self-subsisting members of the Church.

A faithful adherence to God's word and commandments was promised by their friends, at their baptism, in their name, but they are themselves solemnly to renew this promise before God's altar at their confirmation. A twice-repeated course of instruction by one of the clergymen of the Church on the fundamental truths of Christianity, and of our communion, precedes this solemn act. And when the day is come, all the children assemble around the altar; and having been once more reminded of the holiness and importance of the moment, they loudly confess their belief, before the assembled congregation, and promise to live, to suffer, and to die in and for that Lord whose death is the ransom for their sins; then one after the other approaches the altar, and receives the blessing of the heavenly Father, who, for the sake of Jesus Christ, will renew in our hearts the gift of the Holy Ghost to strengthen our belief, to help us amid all tribulations, and to give us a cheerful hope of

eternal life. And now, accompanied and supported by that blessing, the child has to exchange his little school-room for the school of life. In this, as in many instances, the way of the girl is easier and less dangerous; while often the son must leave his home, and can no longer be watched by the tender eye of the parents, the daughter has to begin a new sphere of employment under the superintendence of her mother. Her duty is now to reward a kind parent for many years of care and labor, and to prove by her demeanor that she understands and appreciates the destination assigned to woman—to exercise a blessed influence on others by serving them in love. Perhaps it may be called a prosaic task to be occupied day by day with arranging the household, with sewing and mending plain work, helping in the kitchen, and superintending washing, but a German mother thinks it necessary for her daughter thoroughly to understand all those household affairs, that she may not one day depend on her servants by fault of her ignorance. And we must not be afraid, that by this the cultivation of a young mind may be neglected; no, the hours which are left for study will only seem the more precious and delightful for their being a time of recreation after more pressing labors. The studies of foreign languages, history, and literature, will teach the daughter to look beyond her narrow sphere of life; and her many failures in the fulfillment of every day's duties, will show her how much she is in want of religious instruction. And this will be sought after, not only in public service, where from faithful ministers of the Gospel we can hear sermons which are fitted for young and old, but, also, very often in private assemblies, which are held by the same ministers, and destined for daughters in the time after their confirmation.

Thus the position of a Christian daughter is a very happy one; and if, sooner or later, she should stand alone, and find herself deprived of that circle which demanded the exercise of her talents and energies, then she is to look on the poor and the neglected, to regard them as her family, to relieve their earthly wants, and to try to open their hearts for the reception of the heavenly truth. Serving in love, and faithful in little things, she will cultivate her talent to the glory of God.

W A R.

How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
Go, man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke man's censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood
He curses for their love of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay. GAY.

WINTER.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

HARK! the rude north wind is sighing
As it sweepeth o'er the plain;
And the cold snow-flakes are flying:
Winter bleak is here again—
Yes! perchance, and bringeth gladness
To the lordly rich man's door,
Whilst it bringeth want and sadness
To the meek and lowly poor.

In the valley, on the mountain,
Lieth winter's ice and snow,
Whilst the streamlet and the fountain
Cease their sparkling onward flow.
"What of this?" the rich man crieth;
"I have plenty in my store;"
Yes! but yet thy neighbor dieth—
Freezeth—starveth by thy door.

Hark! ye rich, to what the Savior
To the Jewish ruler said:
"He who wishes Heaven's favor
To the poor must furnish bread."
Winter, though it brings no sorrows
To your lordly palace door,
Famine brings with all its horrors
Unto thousands of the poor.

TRUE BEAUTY.

BY WM. MOTHERSILL.

THE most beauteous and lovely—
It is not as they choose;
Like those that are but homely,
They soon their freshness lose.

Beauty's a dress soon laid aside
In sickness or the grave;
To meanness it is oft allied—
Possessed by fool and knave.

True beauty is of the mind and heart;
'Twill never fade away—
'Tis not lost when the earthly part
Sinks in ruinous decay.

'Twill brighter and still brighter shine
As mind and heart expand—
Shine immortal and divine
Round saints at God's right hand.

'Twill in a world of light and truth
Secure angelic love—
Retain its freshness and its youth
While endless ages move.

Knowledge, righteousness, and truth,
Adorn the good and wise—
Adorn the angel minds above;
Such beauty never dies.

SKETCH OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILBUR FISK.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

WILBUR FISK was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1792. In early childhood he removed, with his parents, to Lyndon, near the Canada line. Here, amid the grand scenery of the Green Mountain land, passed the childhood and early years of him who, in maturer life, occupied, for a brief, but glorious period, a distinguished rank among the learned and the eloquent. From a child, he was remarkable for his love of nature, his delicate taste, his serious thoughtfulness, and his desire for learning. On his father's farm was a romantic hill, several hundred feet high. On one side the inclination was gentle, from the plain to the summit, and covered, in summer, with grass and grain, and flocks and herds. On the other side was an abrupt and precipitous mass of rock. From this hill the eye might reach over a vast and varied landscape of mountain and valley, lake and river, forest and field. The Green Hills of the mountain state extended all around the observer, and, to the east, arose the magnificent White Hills of New Hampshire. On this elevated hill, the youthful poet, scholar, and orator, would pass many an hour, looking down its dizzy crags, among the dark ravines, leaping from rock to rock, along the brow of the precipice, stopping occasionally to look over the rural prospect of the adjacent pastures and fields, or sitting for hours on some rock, elevated above the surrounding crags, to look at the distant and glorious prospect, spread out, for many a mile, before him. At other times he would wander whole days about the shaded and sequestered vale, along the banks of a little, purling brook, reclining sometimes to rest beneath the deep shade of a dense evergreen thicket, listening to the twittering of the raven, the monotone of the robin, and the varied melody of the thrush. Again he would sally forth, with hook and line, and range along his favorite brook, decoying the wary trout from his dark hiding-place. The varied and deeply-impressive scenery of his childhood home had a powerful and enduring influence over his moral sensibilities, and his literary taste. Exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of nature, he became naturally discriminative in morals, and critical in literature. His sensibilities were early developed, and highly cultivated. A beautiful scene fixed its lineaments and colorings indelible and fadeless on his soul. Years after minds less highly organized would have forgotten the scene, he would describe it so true to nature, that the observing eye might easily, from the description, recognize the original scene.

He was fortunate in the choice of the place whither, in youth, he went to pursue his collegiate studies. The University of Vermont, at Burlington, overlooks a rural landscape of exquisite beauty in the vicinity, and of grand sublimity in the distance. Immediately around it, north, east, and

south, are highly-cultivated and fertile fields, with the wooded mountains in the background. On the west, spread out for miles, and extending north and south far as the eye can reach, is Champlain, a lake yielding in quiet beauty, and romantic environs, to no water scenery in the world. Far away over the lake, toward the bright land of sunset, rise the mysterious and unexplored Adirondack Mountains, tinged, at noon, with the deep blue of distance, and, at evening, gathering the dark shadows about their deep gorges and unknown lakes. I doubt whether the far-famed Bay of Naples, with its Vesuvian background, or the Bay of Islands, with its verdant hills, can excel, in beauty and grandeur, the Bay of Champlain, at Burlington. A child of sensitive nature, of highly-organized brain, and of spiritual constitution, could not fail, amid such scenery as that of Lyndon and Burlington, to become, with ordinary social advantages, strongly inclined to poetry, philosophy, and devotion.

Fisk was of a delicate physical, and of a sensitive and precocious mental constitution. From infancy he was predisposed to pulmonary consumption—the disease of which he died—the destroyer of the north, carrying more of the beautiful and the intelligent to an untimely grave than all the varieties of fever, which so often move with desolating march over the west. There is some connection—I know not which is cause, nor which effect—between pulmonary disease of body and precocity and high-wrought sensibility of soul. The mind of Fisk was excitable, and susceptible of powerful agitation from slight influences. In childhood and in youth, the retired locality of his romantic home, the quiet beauty of the varied landscape, and the silent, imposing grandeur of the distant prospect, tended to produce, in him, habits of deep and serious thoughtfulness, with only occasional emotions of passionate excitement. Confinement to close study in childhood, or exposure to the exciting influences of city life, would probably have laid his physical system in ruins, before he had seen gathered in the harvest of his tenth autumn. He could not, without certain death, bear the early and severe mental discipline, and the exciting circumstances, to which duller intellects and less sensitive spirits might be safely subjected. Confinement to a school-room, "sitting on a bench," six hours of a hot summer day, and ambitious emulation of study, would soon have ruined him. Happily, his love for the free air, and the open fields, and the running brooks, and the evergreen forests, and the romantic hills of his childhood home, was too strong to submit to premature confinement. His gentleness, and mildness of disposition, procured for him much indulgence from those who had the care of his early education. If, however, all these had failed, he could, and sometimes did, manifest a determination, that broke away from all restraints, and an impetuosity that defied control—usually gentle as a lamb, he could assume the lion. This determined obstinacy, occasionally showing itself

in delicate and sensitive minds, is often the result of an instinctive effort of nature to resist the injurious restraints and hurtful discipline which injudicious and unwise parents and teachers sometimes use. Such children should be treated gently, kindly, and carefully. They should be allowed all the freedom compatible with good morals. Their apparent obstinacy is often only energy of character, which should be directed, not crushed. In their sensitive moments a harsh word might break the heart. When roused to resistance and obstinacy, severe discipline may drive them to despair and ruin. The parents of Fisk seem to have been judicious people. I doubt, however, whether his parents, or early teachers, or many of his acquaintances of mature life, ever understood him. The depths of his soul were seldom sounded; the mine of his hidden thoughts seldom explored; the vividness of his emotions seldom portrayed; the power of his passions seldom realized.

He passed along through the years of childhood and youth, communing with himself, thoughtful beyond his years, exhibiting, while a mere boy, the maturity of thought, the sobriety of deportment, and the refinement of taste found usually associated only with gray hairs, while, in excitability of emotion, and power of passion, he remained the child.

He often passed, all alone, hours of earnest thought, deep anxiety, and overpowering feeling, of which the world, even his most intimate friends, knew nothing. He found few congenial souls, who could assimilate to his ethereal and finely-sensitive nature. He found his choice companions in the rocks, and trees, and brooks, and lakes, and valleys, and mountains of his early home. With Nature he was familiar; with her he held early converse. She never wounded his heart, nor bruised his soul, nor shocked his feelings. She responded to the deep yearnings of his high-toned spirit after the beautiful, the true, and the good. No doubt, often in maturer years, amid the provoking and exciting conflict of active life, he looked back with longings and regret for the quiet and pleasant associations of his Green Mountain home. It was his fate to live in an exciting and acrimonious age. In the latter part of his life he was frequently engaged in controversy, tending greatly to sour the heart and dry up the sweet sensibilities of childhood. His energy of character, tending sometimes to combativeness, often led him into the front ranks of controversy. But he never lost that sweetness, and delicacy, and generous affection, and high-wrought refinement, which his early circumstances and habits of life had favored and fixed in his soul. You might indeed sooner drain Champlain, than dry up the living fountains of his sympathy. You might sooner cover the Green Mountain summits with clouds so thick that no sunbeam should ever light up their peaks, than bring a changeless cloud over his benignant and philanthropic brow. The impressions of childhood become thus permanent.

Whatever, in substance and in spirit, be the child, the same will be the man. The fountains of youthful feeling are perennial; nor cease they to flow, till all the streams of life become absorbed in the silent and motionless ocean of death.

The parents of Fisk were descendants of the Puritans; and, as a matter of course, they would deem it indispensable to give their son at least a thorough common school education, with a few quarters for finishing at the academy. Every township in New England is conveniently districted for schools. Near the centre of the district is built a neat and comfortable school-house, in which a school, free for all children between the age of four and twenty-one years, residing in the district, is taught by a female, for three months, in summer, and by a male teacher for three in winter. In one of these schools Fisk received his early literary education. He obtained in them some slight knowledge of arithmetic, English grammar, and geography. He was now some sixteen years old; and, in addition to the instruction he had received at school, he had picked up considerable general knowledge by miscellaneous reading. He had read at random, and without order or plan, such books as fell in his way, often taking his book into the field, that he might devote the intervals of labor to reading. He used to tell an amusing story of his first literary production. After he had, at the common school, learned to write a passable hand, he undertook to try his genius at composition. A female domestic, much older than himself, having lived some time in the family, and returning home on a visit to her friends, he promised to write her a letter. In carrying out his design of making a respectably long letter, he ransacked the dictionary, and selected and wrote down a formidable list of high-flown words. With the long list of words before him, he sat down to write his letter. His intention was to get one or more of the big words into every sentence. In this he finally succeeded, producing a great literary curiosity. Unfortunately, the letter was lost. This he much regretted; for, to look over occasionally, in the latter days of his success and reputation as a writer and a scholar, this most curious document of his early attempt at composition, must have afforded him such amusement as would have been, at some gloomy hour, a relief from the sober, and occasionally melancholy emotions, that so often oppressed him in times of feeble health and deep anxiety. There was, with all his seriousness, a vein of modest pleasantry and humor running through his mental constitution.

The most of his time, up to his seventeenth year, was passed, as is often the case with young men without literary counsel and advice, without any considerable amount of efficient intellectual training. His studies were ill-directed, and his reading without order or design, and too indiscriminately miscellaneous to do him much good. He felt, in maturer years, and often lamented, the disadvantages to which his defective early education subjected him.

Had some one, well acquainted with science and with books, directed his studies and his reading, he might, at seventeen, have been as well educated as he proved to be at twenty-two. Several years, at least five, were lost out of his short life.

At the age of seventeen, his health, always precarious, was found too feeble for an agricultural life. He could not endure labor on the hard and rocky farms of Vermont. He must turn his attention to some other employment. Nor did he feel satisfied with the employment of agriculture; nor did he fancy any mechanical trade. The fact was, his soul was pining for an educated sphere of action and usefulness; but he hardly knew what the matter was with him. He was urged forward in the pursuit of knowledge by an influence whose nature he did not understand, but whose power he constantly felt. His thirst for knowledge kept him day and night uneasy and discontented.

In these circumstances he managed to attend one quarter at the academy. This class of literary institutions is peculiar to New England. There is always one academy, and often several, in every county. They are sufficiently endowed by private liberality and by state appropriations to support, with the help of low rates of tuition, one liberally educated teacher, who gives instruction in the higher branches of English study, and in the elementary classics. To the academy resort the youth of the region round about, to finish the studies commenced at the common school, or to study branches higher than are taught in the district, or to prepare for college.

At the academy Fisk studied common arithmetic and English grammar, of which he knew little before, and also learned at least the names, and picked up some general ideas of several of the sciences usually taught in academies. His view of literature was greatly enlarged. He became acquainted with other young men, more advanced than he in learning, and he was urged and stimulated to exertion for a better education. His father's circumstances, however, not admitting of maintaining him away from home longer than one quarter, he returned to the farm, and for two years longer continued laboring in the usual manner of country boys. At the age of nineteen he returned to the academy for six weeks; and by the instruction he received, he felt competent to teach a district school for the winter. The New England district schools are seldom, if ever, taught by permanent teachers, but by young men, who, like Fisk, have advanced a little beyond the scholars of the rural neighborhood, and who engage in teaching during the winter, and in summer returning to their agricultural or mechanical professions, or more frequently to the academy or college to pursue their studies.

Fisk had seen at the academy several young men fitting for the university. He had sipped lightly of the sweet waters of the "Pierian spring," and keenly thirsted for a deeper draught. He felt that he could be happy only in the pursuit of knowledge.

But how to meet the expense of a liberal education he knew not. His father's circumstances were too straitened to admit of sending him to college. He had learned, however, at the academy, that some young men without property and without aid from their friends, relying on their own exertions, teaching in vacation, and occasionally earning a trifle by other means, had got through college. Why could not he do the same? He had ambition, energy, and a respectable share of talent; and why could he not, as well as others, support himself? True, he was in feeble health, and might break down his constitution by application to study, and by physical and mental effort for self-support. Yet he might live through it. The object certainly was worth an effort. After having, therefore, by much entreaty, obtained his father's consent, he commenced the study of the Latin grammar, preparatory to college.

I once knew another young man, who, without property, or parents, or other friends to help him, at the age of twenty, walked four miles one stormy night, to borrow a Latin grammar, and the next night, after having closed a school he was teaching, walked five miles to obtain from a young lady, who, more fortunate than he, had been to "the academy," some instruction how to study Latin. That homeless youth, who took his first lesson in Latin, at the age of twenty, from a girl much younger than himself, has occupied for twenty years and more an important position in the literary institutions of the country, having educated thousands. Does not that girl, who readily stopped her spinning-wheel to teach him Latin, deserve a part of the reward for the good that has been done by her pupil in the cause of education?

In one year and three months from the time he commenced the study of the Latin grammar, Fisk entered the Sophomore class at the University of Vermont. The time employed in preparing for Sophomore seems barely sufficient to fit for Freshman. He must have made rapid proficiency, or have entered with defective preparation. Such minds as his, however, can often accomplish more than the general run of scholars can with the best assistance. He soon took a high rank in his class at Burlington. Two years after he entered college, the instruction in the University at Burlington was suspended, by the existence of war, raging with frightful carnage on the waters and along the shores of Champlain. The University was occupied for soldiers' barracks, and the students scattered. Fisk proceeded to Middlebury, with the intention of entering that college to finish his studies. He called on the President of the institution, and offered himself as a candidate for admittance. The President cavalierly remarked to him that he must prove himself a great deal better scholar than the students at Burlington generally were, to obtain admission at Middlebury to the same standing in class he had left at Burlington. The invidious reflection, illiberal prejudice, and petty jealousy evinced by this

remark, so offended the honorable notions of Fisk, that he immediately left the room and the place. I have frequently heard him speak, twenty years afterward, of that incident in terms of great contempt and indignation. He could not forget nor forgive the illiberality of the Middlebury President. And it was, I believe, the only insult he ever received which he could not forgive.

Scorning to enter at Middlebury after such a rude reception, he proceeded to Rhode Island, and entered Brown University, and graduated with distinguished honors, in 1815, at the age of twenty-three.

The descendants of the Puritans ever connect religious with literary education. The school-house and the church are ever associated in the mind of the New Englander. The parents of Fisk, especially the mother, spared no pains in teaching him religious truth and pious habits. As soon as he could speak, she taught him to pray. You might see him at evening on his knees, by his little bed, repeating after his mother little prayers and little hymns, then lying down and composing himself to sleep in assurance of safety. She used to read to him the Bible, and encourage him to ask her questions about its teachings. When he became old enough to read himself, she taught him to master a definite portion—a psalm or a chapter—every day. The Sabbath was devoted to public worship and devotional reading. All domestic labor about the family was finished early on Saturday evening. Sabbath morning till Church time was spent in retirement, reading, and meditation. Morning service in the village church at ten and afternoon service at two o'clock were uniformly attended, summer and winter. From the close of the afternoon service to sunset, the time was spent in rural retirement and sacred reading. There were no Sunday schools at that time, nor are class meetings even now ever held in New England on Sunday. Instead of Sunday school instruction, the old Puritans and their descendants taught the catechism. As late as my own school times, a catechetical lesson was uniformly the school exercise on Saturday forenoon.

From his mother's side at Church Fisk was never absent. His appropriate seat in the old family pew was always occupied. Here he attentively listened to the early Methodist preachers—men of a former generation—men of God—men who preached the pure doctrines of Christ with clearness, power, and energy. Deeply impressed with the solemn earnestness with which they preached the plain, simple doctrines of the Gospel, he would retire from the church to some sequestered bower on the farm, or, in winter, to some snug corner in the family mansion, and meditate and read religious books till evening. Thus morally educated, and religiously trained, he could but feel a profound respect for every thing serious and divine.

When he was about eleven years old, his only brother died of scarlet fever. I have an indistinct

recollection of his having told me, that he himself, soon after his little brother died, fell sick of the same disease, and came near dying; in fact, being once for a few minutes supposed to be dead. He loved this brother most affectionately. Thirty years afterward, he still retained a most perfect conception of all the circumstances. I recollect of his having once, during a ramble we took together along the banks of the Connecticut, sat down by a little grave, under the shade of an old oak, in an ancient cemetery by the river side, and talked over the melancholy scene—the suffering, the dying struggles, and the burial of his little brother—until tears streamed freely down his manly cheek, and I wept, too, for sympathy. I could but respect and love him the more for cherishing so tenderly the memory of the lost companion of his childhood.

The loss of his brother led him to deep religious reflection. He began to pray more frequently and more earnestly. He would retire to his favorite resort on the rocky hill, and sometimes to the deep retreat of the wooded valley, through which meandered the little brook, and spend hours in deep thought, and in prayer. About home he was habitually serious, and said little. At Church he was ever, as usual, present, and more solemn and attentive than ever before observed. After some time of wandering amid darkness and doubt, drinking the bitter waters of repentance, he suddenly emerged into the glorious light of Christian experience. A landscape of spiritual beauty opened upon his view. On that landscape bright shone the Sun of righteousness, and along its peaceful vales flowed the streams of salvation, whose sweet and living waters satisfied his thirsting soul. He was happy. A heavenly light played over his face—a smile of love rested on his features. The change was manifest. Though he spoke not a word, yet his friends were at no loss to perceive that a heavenly spirit had visited him, and spoken to him words of hope and of comfort.

He could not, however, long remain silent. Child though he was, he must and would speak for his Savior. He joined the Church, and immediately began openly to profess, on all proper occasions, his faith and hope in Christ. At class meeting he would speak of Christian experience with a discretion far beyond his years. At prayer meeting he would pray with a zeal, and fervor, and propriety, animating and edifying even to much older Christians. And then he did not hesitate to arise in the public congregation, after the close of the sermon, and exhort. His relations of Christian experience and his warm and pathetic exhortations were deeply affecting, and sometimes moved the hardest heart. He was deemed among the people a child of much promise; and they in their fervent piety prayed, that the Lord would preserve him, and make him a great and useful minister of the new covenant. His deep piety and religious fervor were favorable to the development of his mental faculties. The

practice of speaking in religious meetings brought out his native talents, and opened the hidden resources of his mind. The impressions which his religious exercises fostered, that it might be his duty to devote his life to the ministry, roused and increased his desire for education. He began to read and study more attentively, not only from innate love of knowledge, but from convictions of duty. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances under which he pursued his academic and collegiate studies were disastrous to his religious interests. At the academy he was thrown into the society of the vain, the worldly, and the ambitious. Religious profession was wholly unknown among the students. There was no students' class meeting, nor students' prayer meeting. If religious exercises were ever held at the opening or closing of school, they consisted of the drawing reading of a psalm, and a long, dry, dull, sleepy prayer. No attempt was made to affect the heart, or make a moral impression. It is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for a sensitive and impressible mind to remain long uninfluenced by the spirit of its associations. In a short time, therefore, Fisk became as gay, and as thoughtless, and as worldly, and as ambitious as his companions. He mingled freely in their sports, joined them in their social parties, and became, in all respects, one of them. He did not, however, sacrifice his moral integrity, nor did he wholly abandon reading the Scriptures, and private prayer; but he gave up all open profession of religion. During all his college course, at Burlington and at Providence, he remained in the same unhappy state of religious declension.

When he left college, and returned home to his father's house, he found himself in a most unhappy state of mind. He had commenced study, and continued to graduation, with the intention of devoting his talents to the service of the Church; but with the decline of his religious interests passed, also, from him the convictions of duty, under which he had undertaken his education. Law he did not like, and medicine he did not like. He would like to become a statesman; but of success, depending, as it must, on popular votes and party interest, there might be some doubt. He thought he would engage in mercantile business. But, then, for a lover of nature out of doors, and a man of accomplished education, and exquisite taste, to coop himself up behind a counter, and measure tape, and count dimes, seemed preposterous. He could not submit to that. So he concluded he would begin to read law, and see what would come of it. After some time, finding the debts he had contracted for his education pressing on him, he accepted a place as teacher in a private family in Maryland. He has often told me of the distresses, and anxieties, and discontent he endured during his residence in Maryland. A family tutorship, over a few small children, furnished no resources of interest in science or literature. He had no associates, nor means of amusement. It was not home. There was nothing

to love. His heart pined for the green hills of his native home, and the companions of his childhood. The family were generous and accomplished people, but he felt himself a lonely stranger, without friends or sympathy. To make it worse, he fell sick, and lay for some time confined to his bed. Any number of slaves was furnished to attend to his wants; but he entertained a very poor opinion of slave help. So long as he could keep one within hearing, he would be able to get what his necessities demanded; but as soon as the servants could get out of hearing, they were sure to stay away, and, for hours, he must lie suffering with thirst and sickness, perhaps bleeding from the lungs, and liable any moment to die alone. Partially recovering, he left the place, and always looked back on the time he spent there as the unhappiest part of his life. With some difficulty, being confined by a second attack of sickness on the journey, he made his way home to Lyndon, where he once more might refresh his spirit by intercourse with devoted friends, amid the scenes of his childhood.

On arriving home, he found the whole place agitated by one of those glorious revivals of religion with which God is pleased, occasionally, to favor the Church, that he may keep up a remembrance of his mercy and power. The church, during public worship, was crowded with hearers, attentive and anxious. At the close of the sermon, by invitation of the preacher, the deeply-serious penitent would approach the altar, and kneel before God for confession and prayer. Fisk stood apart, and looked on with powerful emotions. He saw approaching the altar old men, whom he had known as venerable fathers when he was a little boy; men of meridian life, who had been, in their day, the gay and jovial spirits of the village; young men, who had been his fellows and companions; and little children, who had been born since he, in happier and better days, had himself kneeled before that same altar. He heard the deep sigh of sorrow for sin, and the fervent prayer for pardon. He saw the mourner rise from his knees, clap his hands for joy, and shout in triumph. He heard them sing the merry song of victory. He remembered when he himself could join in that shout, and chime in with that song; but now, alas! his voice was silent, and his harp all tuneless. His heart was sad. He could only say,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When once I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
What happy hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left a hopeless void
The world can never fill."

Long he struggled between hope and despair, knowing not what to do. At last he arose in the public congregation. All eyes were turned toward him. So many years had passed since he had opened his lips in a religious meeting, or made any pretension to a religious character, that few, but his good

mother, remembered that he had ever been a pious child. There he stood before the people, an accomplished young man, of finished education, and acknowledged talents, elegant and commanding in personal appearance, though pale from disease. With a voice musical, deep-toned, and rich, yet tremulous with emotion, he began to speak. He related his past experience. He told how he had knelt at that altar, when a child, and found pardon; how he had since wandered into a far country, and, amidst the vain frivolities of fashion, and the strifes of worldly ambition, squandered all his religious enjoyment. He had returned to his native home sick, hopeless, and unhappy. He asked pardon of his God, pardon of the Church, pardon of his friends. His feelings overpowered him, and he sat down with unutterable emotions. One simultaneous outburst of deep and powerful feeling rushed, like lightning, from every heart. The house was in tears; and sighs, and stifled sobs, rose spontaneous from the deeply-moved multitude. To Fisk peace and joy returned. His heart was young again. His youthful sensations of religious enjoyment revived. There returned, also, his convictions of duty to preach the Gospel. He immediately abandoned all idea of pursuing farther the study of law, and commenced immediately his preparation for the work to which he felt assured his divine Master had called him. He had, during his religious declension, withdrawn from all connection with the Church; but now he returned, like a child that had wandered from home and got lost in the woods, to the bosom of his mother. To the Methodist Church, of which his good mother had been a member for many years, and which had received him into her fold when a little child, he now devoted his talents, his education, and his life. But at that day, and in that country, such a devotion seemed to involve unheard-of sacrifice. An educated young man become a Methodist preacher! Such a thing had never been heard of, or supposed possible in all Puritandom. There was not known to be at that time, in all New England, if in all America, a single member, much less a preacher, of the Methodist Church, who had ever been to college. I myself was told, seven years after this, by an old minister of the Puritanic Church, that I would, of course, abandon all notion of being a Methodist, after I had been to college. Fisk, as soon as his intention became known, was assailed by his literary acquaintance on all sides. The idea of his becoming a Methodist preacher was deemed preposterous. One thought he must be insane. Another concluded he was ambitious to become the founder of some new sect. But none of these things moved Fisk. He quietly went on his way, exhorting and preaching, in school-houses and private farm-houses about the neighborhood; and at the next session of the New England conference he was received as a member, and appointed to a circuit among his native mountains.

On a bright morning of June, 1818, Wilbur Fisk was leaving his father's house for his circuit, at

some distance among the mountain regions and sparse settlements of northern Vermont. His horse was standing, bridled and saddled, at the gate; himself was standing at the door, with his saddle-bags, containing his Bible and Hymn-Book, with a change of raiment, on his arm. He was leaving, to return no more, but on a brief visit, to the home of his childhood. He stood looking at the hill, to which he had so often climbed in the vigorous days of boyhood to look on the glorious scenery of nature outspread before him. He then looked down the vale, where wandered, amid evergreen shrubbery, the little brook. He turned again, and looked toward the church-yard, where was sleeping, deep and wakeless, his little and only brother. He then turned his eyes toward the inmates of the house. There stood his only sister in tears; there leaned the father, speechless, against the door-post; there sat the mother, calm, resigned, and with eyes closed, as if in prayer, near the door. He was leaving home, and all, and for what? Not to stand among statesmen and orators, in the halls of legislation; not to plead in courts for ample fees, nor sit with judges, in honor and dignity; not to amass wealth by merchandise and speculation, nor to become the settled and salaried pastor of some rich and populous Church, in some fairy New England village. Any or all these things he might have done. But far different from all this was his purpose. He was going to a frontier district, where the people were few and poor, to preach every day in the week, and three times on the Sabbath, at a pecuniary compensation of one hundred dollars a year, if he could get it by voluntary contribution, and if not thus not at all. Nor could he expect popular applause. The Christian Church, whose minister he was, was little known, and much disliked. Others had long held the ground, and seemed to claim the exclusive right, by possession, to all the Lord's domain. They deemed the Methodists meddlesome intruders. Fisk knew all this. He knew he had no favor to expect. But he believed his Master called him to go; nor dare he, nor would he, if he dare, refuse to answer the call.

He laid the saddle-bags from his arm, and knelt on the floor. His mother, and sister, and father knelt around him. He prayed, fervently prayed, for wisdom, and grace, and protection for himself and for the loved ones of home. When he had ceased, his mother took up the prayer, and commended to Providence her beloved son. Then the sister followed, with subdued voice and tears. Last of all the father, who, though a pious man, had never made a public profession of religion, nor led in prayer, opened his lips, and prayed devoutly for blessings on his son. Sweet was the spirit, and heavenly the influences of that place. They arose from their knees and sung,

"O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end—

Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again."

The farewell words were then spoken, the farewell kiss given, and Wilbur rode slowly away, followed still by prayers, tears, and blessings.

RETSCH'S POESIE.

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING THE SECOND EMBELLISHMENT.

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT.

WHITHER thy course across the pathless tide,
Thy white-winged bark skimming the depths of light,

As, on a summer noon in ether bright,
The snowy clouds in holy stillness glide?

What seest thou afar, that thus thine eye,
With its deep earnestness, far-reaching, seems
As it would pierce beyond day's golden beams,
And span the great realm of futurity?

Embodiment of some bright dream thou art!
Visible type of those dim aspirations,
Which, ever and anon, like revelations
Of our high destiny, flit by us and depart.

Blessed prophet of the joys that are to come!
Herald of purer love, of higher life,
Beyond the reach of earthly care and strife!
Wanderer from Eden, looking toward thy home!

'Tis light from thence around thy presence thrown,
'Tis music from those pure, celestial spheres,
That thy rapt soul, in lonely musings, hears,
And echoes back with wild, mysterious tone.

Float on thou miscalled dreamer. Time to thee
Is but a dim foreshadowing of day,
The mount of vision, rising in thy way,
Bathed with the glory of eternity.

SOUL AND POETRY.

THE following lines by Collins, to the memory of those who fell in the Rebellion of 1745, contain about as much genuine poetry as can possibly be compressed by man into as few lines.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY G. F. DEDLOWAY.

"The man who, in the senate-house,
Watchful, unhired, and uncorrupt,
And party only to the common weal,
In virtue's awful rage, pleaded for right
Example to the meanest, of the fear
Of God, and all integrity of life
And manners."

POLLOK.

WHEN John Quincy Adams died, one of the most remarkable and illustrious men of our republic passed away. His name is interwoven with our nation's history, and will be revered and honored, not only in this hemisphere, but throughout the civilized world. He had served his country for more than half a century; and when the angel of death came, he was still at his post, faithfully laboring to the last for the public good.

Wisely does the Church cherish the memory of her saints and martyrs, and so should the state remember the character of those whose career has been one brilliant track of light, through a long, useful public life. What is better calculated to strengthen the mind with virtuous sentiments, and inspire it with new hope, than the contemplation of a pure, noble, and religious character? Such a one, interesting in life, becomes more impressive and solemn by death. This hallows and sanctifies it, and a deeper halo of glory seems to surround such honored graves.

John Quincy Adams probably engaged a larger share of public attention than any man now living among our millions of freemen. We can trace his public career as far back as 1778, when, but a boy, he left this country for France, where he resided in the same house with Franklin, and enjoyed the conversation of the eminent men of that period. Almost three-quarters of a century ago, he went, as private Secretary, with the embassy to Russia. He was present at the signing of the treaty which separated Great Britain from her American colonies; and was afterward sent on diplomatic missions to the Netherlands, the Courts of St. Petersburg and of St. James. For many years, Mr. Adams was an honored representative and senator in the national Congress; for four years the PRESIDENT of the American republic, and, at last, yielded up his mortal spirit within the very walls of its Capitol.

Still we would not especially refer to those elevated public stations he so long and so honorably occupied, but to the integrity he manifested, his untarnished life, and unshaken virtues. In these distinguishing traits, the character of that great man who has departed from among us, shines forth with unusual brightness, and almost unrivaled. He was a Christian patriot in the highest sense—an ardent lover of his country. He believed and knew that a people could only prosper as their laws conformed to the laws of God.

Mr. Adams was born July 11, 1767, and received

the name of John Quincy from his great-grandfather, John Quincy, and thus expresses himself in relation to this fact:

"The incident which gave rise to this circumstance is not without its moral to my heart. He was dying when I was baptized, and his daughter, my grandmother, present at my birth, requested that I might receive his name. The fact, recorded by my father at the time, has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me, through life, a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it."

According to his own testimony, that which tended to form his character was the superior excellence, attention, and tender affection of his mother. In every respect, she was, indeed, a remarkable woman, uniting more than Roman virtue with the mildness of Christian love. Through a long and most eventful life, crowded with public duties and honors, Mr. Adams ever felt and acknowledged the mother's influence. When he had become the venerated sage and statesman, this son thus commemorates the excellence of her whom he still regarded as his guardian spirit:

"It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow, that such as I have been, whatever it was, that such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother." What a comment upon the excellence of early training!

In 1781 Mr. Adams, then a lad of only fourteen, went as private Secretary to Russia, and, returning home in his eighteenth year, entered Harvard University, graduating, with distinguished honors, in 1787. He studied law with the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterward the Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Unexpectedly to himself, he was appointed by Washington, in 1794, Minister to the United Netherlands, and occupied a similar post at the Courts of Holland, England, and Russia, until 1801. In 1803 he was elected a senator to the United States Congress, and in 1806 was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the Harvard University.

Then he was abroad again for several years upon public missions. In 1817 was appointed Secretary of State; and in 1828 he was elected the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. At the close of his administration, he retired to private life; but was chosen a representative to Congress in 1837, which office he occupied until the day of his death, on the 23d of February, 1848.

When Mr. Adams was stricken down, he had before him Mr. Vattermare's memorial relating to his noble plan for international literary exchanges. As he was on the point of presenting this document to the Speaker, he fell at his post; and thus

his last act was an act of public duty. The whole scene was solemn and impressive, in the highest degree. "Mr. Adams is dying," suddenly resounded through the hall of Congress, and the members rushed around the falling statesman. The house immediately adjourning, a sofa was obtained, and he was laid gently upon it, entirely hopeless, but not entirely insensible. Then he was borne into the rotunda, but, for free air, removed again to its eastern door, on the portico. The atmosphere being chilly and damp, he was taken to the Speaker's room; and whilst lying there he uttered those remarkable dying words, in faltering accents, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH!" and quickly added, "I AM COMPOSED;" and thus were his eloquent lips sealed for ever!

His departure presents another of those striking coincidences in the death of our eminent statesmen, which can hardly be regarded as accidental. In these events, there is an awful sense of a POWER and PROVIDENCE that reign over all things. He was seized with his sudden illness on the 21st of February, and breathed his last at twenty minutes past seven, on the 23d, Washington's birthday, "old style." John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died upon the anniversary of our national independence, Mr. Madison on the 5th of July, and John Quincy Adams finished his public and earthly course, in the Capitol of the United States, at the very moment which brings to our remembrance the birth of the immortal WASHINGTON! His spirit passed away before the eyes of his assembled countrymen, as if the great example of his patriotic life might thus become the most conspicuous and impressive.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EARLY PIETY.

BY LAMDA.

I MAY forget the blooming flowers
I culled in childhood's golden hours,
The brooks, the groves, the meadows green—
The fairest sights these eyes have seen—
But dear to memory still shall be
My hours of early piety.

Time may remove the friends I love
To distant climes, or homes above,
And youthful hopes, like flowers that bloom,
May wither in an early tomb;
But dear to memory still shall be
Those hours of early piety.

And when the setting sun I see
Go down, to rise no more to me;
When round this throbbing heart I feel
Death's cold embraces softly steal,
How dear to memory then shall be
My hours of early piety!

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. WM. WARD NINDE.

BY REV. JOSEPH CROSS, A. M.

IN the winter of 1830-1, I was a student in the Oneida Conference Seminary, at Cazenovia. Dr. Peck was pastor of the Church. Professor Larrabee was principal of the school. The Rev. P. B. Wilber, J. E. Robie, the Ryersons of Canada, and several others now in the ministry, were my fellow-students. All remember that winter. Nor have A. J. Crandall and E. B. Fuller yet forgotten it in paradise.

We were enjoying a time of refreshing, from the presence of the Lord. A deep religious interest pervaded the community. In the Seminary, especially, many were inquiring what they must do to be saved. The youthful Ninde came from Courtlandville, to assist in a protracted meeting. He had formerly been a student in the institution. Those who had not seen his face, had heard his fame. The feeling created by his first appearance was that of disappointment. His simple manners, his boyish aspect, his light-brown hair, his mild, blue eye, were to us no indications of remarkable talent or genius. Nor did his first discourse relieve the impression. It was elegantly written, accurately memorized, and quite tolerably delivered. It contained beautiful thought, arrayed in language still more beautiful, with high-wrought comparisons and graceful metaphors. But it lacked fire and force. It was a fine statue; but it had no life. Every thing was too studied, too precise for the occasion. Besides, his voice was feeble, his face thin and pale, and his whole appearance that of an invalid. It was perhaps the effect partly of fatigue, partly of diffidence. Whatever the cause, it was fatal to the discourse. The preacher endeavored to rouse himself; but the effort was forced and unnatural; and he left the pulpit with the too evident conviction of a failure. The number of penitents that night was small, and a cloud came over the hearts of the Church.

The next day the preacher was freely discussed among the students. One thought him "a fop;" another called him "a pedant;" a third branded him as "plagiarist;" a fourth denounced him for "a frothy and bombastic declaimer." There were some, the more judicious, perhaps the more ingenuous, who discovered the germ of his future eminence, and heartily bade him God speed.

A second time he ascended the pulpit. There was a manifest improvement. His thought was more vigorous—his delivery more impassioned. His meek eye kindled and dilated as he spoke, and his feeble voice grew strong, musical, and trembled with emotion. That night the number of penitents increased, and the faith of the brethren revived. The next day criticism was less censorious. Some who had spoken lightly of the first performance were quite silent; and others were cordial in commendation.

He preached again. There was no chance for

criticism. The last particle of prejudice disappeared like mist before the morning sun. The young preacher had become a prophet. With what divine unction he poured forth his "message from God!" With what heavenly pathos he appealed to the students, and besought them to neglect no longer their soul's salvation! Every heart vibrated as an instrument to the touch of a master, and the orator sat down amidst visible and audible demonstrations of his triumph. Instantly the chancel was crowded. The first young men in the Seminary were among the mourners. Prayer continued till midnight, and it was said that more than twenty souls were converted. The next day the young stranger departed; but the heavenly Comforter remained; the revival went on for several weeks; most of the students professed religion; and "much people was added unto the Lord."

A little more than a year after this, the writer was associated with him, as assistant preacher, at Pulaski and Washingtonville. By this time he had acquired great popularity in the pulpit—was esteemed the most eloquent man in the conference. One of his chief excellences was the perfection of his moral painting. When he became animated, every thought was a picture, and the sermon was a series of beautiful tableaux. Nothing could be more complete than his imagery. Every thing lived and moved in his discourses. He spoke of creation, and we saw Jehovah sowing the fields of heaven with stars. He spoke of angelic ministry, and we saw the waving of golden wings, and heard the chanting of melodious voices. He spoke of "the spirits of the just made perfect," and we saw the white-robed pilgrims, one after another, with lutes and palms, ascending the bank beyond the stream, amidst the greeting of saints and seraphim.

Well do I remember how, on one occasion, he transported us to the Arabian desert; and we stood in the camp, with the many thousands of Israel, at the base of Sinai, and saw the man of God ascend the mountain, winding among the rocks, now disappearing behind the angle of a jutting cliff, then reappearing far up, where the lightnings guarded the entrance of Jehovah's pavilion. The picture was as perfect as the reality. The audience sat breathless, with open mouths and glaring eyes, trembling for the fate of Moses. As he entered into the cloud, a brother in the ministry, whose anxiety had literally lifted him from his seat, exclaimed, "Lord, spare him!" and a sympathetic groan issued from every part of the assembly.

I remember, too, his description of the unfaithful minister in hell, which he applied so solemnly to himself. After having been some years in the lake of fire, rising to the surface, he hears a voice pronounce his name with horrid execrations. He lifts up his eyes. It is a parishioner, whom, while living, he neglected to admonish, and who has now followed him, with curses, to the place of torment! To escape his upbraiding voice and withering glance, he plunges again into the flaming flood.

A long time elapses. He hears the grating of the iron gate as it opens to admit another victim. A haggard form approaches, with bloodshot eyes and wailing voice, in the spectacle of whose agony the lost minister forgets his own. There is something familiar in the features, "though worn and wasted with enormous woe." And the voice, though hoarse with blasphemy and lamentation, sounds like one to which he had been accustomed on earth. Upon a nearer view, he recognizes his son!

During the delivery of this passage, the preacher became intensely excited. The picture which he drew wrought upon his feelings till it was a reality. At the moment of recognition, he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "O God! it is my own boy!" and sunk back, fainting, upon his seat. It was a moment of agony in the audience. But shortly recovering himself, the preacher appealed to them in a most touching manner, and besought them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. Eyes unused to weep dissolved in tears. Several persons dated their saving impressions from that hour, among whom was one who is now a bright and shining light in the ministry.

In all this there was no acting—no appearance of art. These moving passages were wholly unstudied—the spontaneous creations of an unrivaled fancy—the irrepressible effusions of a dissolving heart. It was not the philosopher trying to fly, but the prophet carried away by the Spirit. It was the great deep of nature stirred by the breath of God. It was genius moved by the awful verities of religion; passion kindling with fire from heaven. Swept along by the whirlwind of his feelings, there was no time to think of propriety—no time to arrange and polish. And there was no necessity. The hearers were too intensely occupied for criticism—never thought of criticising—would as soon have undertaken to criticise an earthquake.

I once heard him on the text, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead," &c. Having spoken of the different means by which God awakes the sleeper, especially the ministry of the word, he was applying the subject in earnest strain of exhortation, when a tempest rapidly darkened over the heavens; and the thunder, which had long been muttering in the west, grew loud and terrible. "I will pause," said he; "for God is speaking!" Bowing his head upon the Bible, and covering his face with his hands, he remained a few moments in silence. A stroke of lightning shivered a pine near the church. The house quivered with the shock. Suddenly rising, the preacher called upon us to listen to the voice of God; reminded us that these terrible phenomena were but the hidings of his power; told us of a day when he would speak so loud that the dead should hear and live; then besought us, by the terrors of that day, to hear him now, while he calls in love.

But he did not always deal in the terrible. He was rather a "son of consolation." He was never more at home than when he walked among the

bowers of Eden, or sat beneath the shadow of the cross. How many recollect that sermon on the Pentecost, full of such beauty and tenderness! This was the general character of his discourses. All was gentle, attractive, insinuating. Even in his most terrific passages, there was a mildness of manner, and a sweetness of expression, which never failed to touch the heart. He never made the pulpit a thunder-factory to frighten people out of their sins. If he sometimes surrounded it with "everlasting burnings," the cross always gleamed through the flames. None ever accused him of harshness, violence, denunciation. None ever knew him to deal in heartless declamation on the terrible scenes of the future retribution. Whatever the theme, his "doctrine distilled as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and showers upon the grass."

His most effective passages were probably his transitions from the terrible to the tender. There are hundreds living who remember his sermon at a camp meeting in Jefferson county, on the rich man in hell. For three-quarters of an hour he described the eternal miseries of the lost. All faces gathered paleness, and the feeling was rising to agony, when he exclaimed: "But why linger in these doleful regions! They were not prepared for us, but for the devil and his angels! O, let us fly to Calvary!" And then he drew such a picture of "the suffering Son of God, and the glorious redemption wrought out for sinners, that before he had finished, there was a general burst of joy; and scores of penitents, who had pressed their way to the stand, were prostrate upon their faces, weeping out "the meltings of a broken heart!"

In the commencement of his discourses, there was nothing striking or remarkable. His manner was very simple; his enunciation easy—almost careless. But as he proceeded, and warmed with his subject, his eye kindled—his gesture became animated—his voice grew clear, and full, and tremulous, and poured forth the divinest melody that ever flowed from mortal lips.

The last time I listened to its cadence was at the dedication of a new church in Sauquoit, in the winter of 1842-3. Fraught with all the lute-like fascination of former years, it discoursed sweetly of the ultimate triumph of Christianity, and the glory of the millennial reign. Two years afterward I wept over the obituary of my friend. The angel that walked the earth, had thrown off its fleshly habiliment, and ascended to heaven.

Why was such an orator so little known? The question is not difficult to answer. The greatest men do not always acquire the widest fame. John Foster is an instance. He was humble, and sought retirement. Within him lay an ocean of thought—a world of genius, which, during his life, were all unknown. So, in some measure, with Ninde. He was a more eloquent and popular preacher. But, like Foster, he sought not place nor preference. Except, perhaps, during the first two or three years of his ministry, he had no ambition to be great,

and cared nothing for "the praise of men." He shrank instinctively from publicity—avoided, if possible, appearing on extraordinary occasions. Frequently invited abroad, he always declined if he could find a reasonable excuse. But his talents and piety procured him a position to which his ambition never aspired. He always had the first stations in his conference, for several years filled the office of presiding elder, and at length fell in one of the "high places of Zion."

GOD IN NATURE.

BY REV. H. P. TORREY, A. M.

Did you hear in the throbbing winds that sound
They gave to thine ear as they swept around,
That swelled in the rushing tempest's roar,
Strengthening the voice it gave before?
Did you hear in the thunder's awful tone,
That came like the knell of this world gone,
And rolled in the vaults of the blackened sky,
Like a thousand chariots rushing by?
Did you hear that shout from old ocean's bands
As they rushed in their might on the rock-ribbed
sands?

The wind, and sky, and ocean broad,
Utter and echo the name of God.

And the tiny flake of snow that's brought
Through the air as silently as thought,
And the clear, bright drops of dew that lie
Like tear-drops from a weeping sky,
Have a silent eloquence of love—
A "still, small voice" of God above.

In the silvery light of the gentle moon—
In the beams of the "bright, broad sun" at noon—
In the flash of the lightning, glancing far—
In the golden urn of the midnight star—
In the changing fires of the Boreal sky,
Trooping and flinging their plumes on high—
In the beauteous arch of varied hue
By angels drawn on canvas blue—
In all that's beauteous—all that's bright,
The letters flame in living light,
Flashing before the eyes of man,
His Maker's name—the great I AM.

In the chorus rung by the voice of Spring,
Each tree, each shrub, each green-leaved thing,
From its heart enshrined gives out a note
That chimes with that from the warbler's throat,
Till the chords of earth, all swept along,
Pour to the breeze a mighty song,
That swells away to the upper sky,
Till caught by the angel choirs on high,
Who tune their harps to the golden sound,
And echo the anthem heaven around.

The tinkling rills that straggling roam,
Winding away to their ocean home,
At every dell and every nook
Gladly receiving the little brook,

Till swelled to a river deep and wide,
With a heaving breast the changing tide,
That starts at the depths that before it lie,
Deep and blue like a nether sky,
Then leaps at a bound the rugged rock;
Earth shudders and groans at the fearful shock,
And the froth-lipped pools, with a hiss at fear,
Whirl and dance in their mad career,
Till the floods below to the floods above,
Lift up the "bow of hope and love;"
Then, calm, and still, and quiet again,
It glides away through the woody glen,
And passes on to the flashing sea
As passes time to eternity;
But the rill, and the brook, and the river wide,
In their thundering flow and quiet glide,
Are liquid glass, in whose bright sheen
The image of our God is seen.

THE INDIAN MAID'S TOILET.

BY M. B. ATKINS.

Timorous the nodding brakes,
She has wandered on,
With a step too light
To arouse the fawn—
For a moment paus'd
'Neath the forest shade,
To list to the sounds
By the leaflets made;
And now she has come,
At the early light,
Where the stream flows on,
With its eddies bright—
Has found out a spot,
On its flow'ry bank,
Where the red deer oft
Has in quiet drank—
Where the broad, green leaves
Of the lilies rest
Asleep on the flood's
Now unruffled breast—
Where round her soft notes,
From the glad birds free,
Are flung to the breeze
From each spreading tree;
And in careless mirth
She is seated there,
Decking with flowers
Her smooth, raven hair—
Her mirror the wave;
She is nature's child;
Born in the forest,
Her home is the wild.

HARK! through the dim woods dying
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone. MRS. NORTON.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1850.

CIRCULAR FOR 1850.

THE *tenth* volume of the Ladies' Repository will maintain its former position of uncompromising opposition to all corrupting literature and of inviolable fidelity to all that is pure and good.

There will be, also, several striking improvements in this volume. 1. The American contributors, male and female, will include in their number a much larger proportion of the very best of our belles-lettres writers. 2. The subjects on which these writers are expected to employ their pens will be, while more various than before, of a higher order. 3. Several able writers have been employed to watch the progress of events and furnish articles, as the times may demand, on those topics which more specially interest the mind and feelings of the American public. 4. The current literature of the United States, as well as of other countries, will be sketched, from time to time, as circumstances may require, much more extensively than ever. 5. Articles particularly adapted to family use—such as the training of sons and daughters, the building and furnishing of houses, the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and all those matters so interesting and useful to a well-regulated and genteel household—will be occasionally presented as far as it shall be found desirable. 6. For the first time since the magazine was started, some considerable attention will be paid to *domestic economy*, so useful a branch of a correct female education, but so generally neglected. 7. A fine series of Portraits of Living American Preachers, from the pen of a distinguished American writer, including such names as Durbin, Olin, and others of their class, chosen from the several denominations, will be commenced in this volume. 8. Now and then a review of some great work—such as the History of England by Macaulay—written in the belles-lettres style, will be thrown in, to give a higher tone to the work in both its literary and religious aspects. 9. Foreign contributors have been engaged, who are expected to give, not gossiping newspaper letters concerning events already rendered stale by the telegraph, but sterling essays on subjects of imperishable interest to the public. Mrs. Professor Birney, of France, Professor Waterman and M. F. Tupper, of England, and probably Dr. Menzel, of Germany, the great historian of German literature, are among the foreign correspondents for the ensuing year. A rich treat is anticipated from this quarter. 10. The pictorial embellishments are to be from the hands of the very first artists—such as Smilie, Howland, Halpin, &c., who have no equals in this country. 11. Professor Werner, the celebrated German composer and pianist, whom competent critics have pronounced unequaled as a musical artist in America, will furnish a piece of original music, adapted to the piano or the voice, for each alternate number. 12. The January number is accompanied by a medallion likeness of Mr. Wesley, taken from an old English medal, supposed to be the most exact representation of that great and good man's face, and of his peculiar expression, now extant, and to which, now he is gone from the world, there can never be a rival. This embellishment alone, being perfectly new, is worth half the subscription price for the volume; for it may be looked upon, by every one who obtains it, as the *nearest*

approach to the living countenance of the FATHER OF METHODISM either seen or to be seen here below, by the present and future generations of his admirers.

The past success of the Ladies' Repository encourages us to expect an increase of patronage commensurate with the extent, variety, and expensiveness of these improvements.

It is known to the public, that, for every new subscriber, we allow our agents to retain half a dollar, and ten per cent. of all moneys collected on old subscriptions. Though many of those who are the most active and successful, refuse to receive even this small remuneration for their risk and trouble, they are under no obligations to do so. If they feel any delicacy in doing our work for pay, they can appropriate the premiums awarded to any benevolent object which they may most cherish in their hearts.

Different courses are pursued by different persons. Some donate the premiums to the cause of missions; others, to education; others, to the poor and destitute. Many young clergymen, by laying out their premiums in books, have added considerably to their libraries. We know of several widows, having the care of orphan children, who have done themselves a great favor by aiding us in enlarging our circulation. Several middle-aged clergymen of our acquaintance, who thought they had no time or tact for this work, have appointed efficient committees of ladies to act for them, at the same time giving them the premiums to be appropriated to benevolent objects. This latter plan, wherever it has been tried, has performed wonders. But we have no plans to present. All we have to say, is, in some way, we desire to have our magazine offered to every one at all likely to subscribe for it in every portion of the country.

We would, therefore, definitely and respectfully ask, 1. *Of all clergymen, having charge of congregations, to bring the subject before all their people, either publicly or privately; and, 2. Of all those otherwise acting as our agents, in every part of the United States, to canvass their districts entirely, thoroughly, and promptly.*

All persons procuring subscribers east of the Alleghanies will remit to Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, New York. Those west of the Alleghanies, to Swormstedt & Power, Main and Eighth-streets, Cincinnati.

We send out this number several days before the regular time of publication, in order to give full opportunity to our agents and friends to act for us. Let them all remember, whether gentlemen or ladies, whether ministers in person, or committees and individuals acting for them, that the months of December and January are worth all the remainder of the year in procuring subscribers. *Let no time be lost!*

SWORMSTEDT & POWER,
LANE & SCOTT.

—
WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

THIS gentleman, so well known, both by his prose and poetical articles, was born in the state of Massachusetts in the year 1794. He commenced writing poetry at the very early age of ten; or, rather, we should say, commenced his contributions to the periodical press at that age. When only fourteen years old, he published a volume of poems, which were so well received at the time, that a second edition was called for in a few months. His poetry is characterized by truthfulness and delicacy, with an uncommon degree of vigor and richness. He is always true to nature, and always groups his pictures

and descriptions with judgment. There is nothing of affectation, nor yet any thing of the plagiarist in the compositions of Mr. Bryant. In all that he writes, there is something alike for the heart and the understanding—something that equally touches the affections and the intellect. He attains to that rare excellence of style, simplicity, and continually charms us by his exquisitely-finished strains. Not the most rigid moralist could object to any expression or sentiment that falls from his pen. Of the minor pieces of Mr. Bryant, his *Autumn Words*, and the *Death of the Flowers*, have had a circulation in almost every newspaper and periodical in the United States and throughout England. His *Thanatopsis* has some passages of unequalled melody and sweetness, which no doubt many of our readers, who are familiar with his writings, could readily advert to. We cannot forbear quoting the two following stanzas, familiar as they may seem, from his address "To the Evening Wind:"

"Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
 The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow."

Mr. Bryant is now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and occupies the senior editorship of the *New York Evening Post*, one of the leading political papers of this country. During the summer and the autumn of the past year, he has been on a tour of travel through the West Indies, the Shetland Isles, and some parts of the British provinces. His frequent letters home, as published originally in the *Evening Post*, and republished in *Littell's Living Age*, have been sought after and read with extreme avidity—a proof that Mr. Bryant writes with as much spirit now as at any earlier period of life.

THE SOLITARY HONEY-SUCKLE.

THERE are some common objects in this common world, which, seen on peculiar occasions and in peculiar places, inspire a feeling entirely new, and a pleasure almost life-long. Here is an instance: Mrs. Carter, an English lady, while distant from home, wrote to her friend, Mrs. Montagu, the following passage in one of her letters:

"I need not tell you—for I am sure you feel it—how much I longed for you to share with me in every view that pleased me; but there was one of such striking beauty, that I was half wild with impatience at your being so many miles distant. To be sure, the wise people, and the gay people, and the silly people of this work-day world, and, for the matter of that, all the people but you and I, would laugh to hear that this object, which I was so undone at your not seeing, was no other than a single honey-suckle. It grew in a shady lane, and was surrounded by the deepest verdure, while its own figure and coloring, which were quite perfect, were illuminated by a ray of sunshine. The pleasure inspired was strange

and new, and it will be long before it ceases in my heart."

THE LAND OF BOOK-MAKING.

AMERICA is sometimes called the land of book-making; and certainly in one sense it is; yet its literary activity is not paramount to that of France or England. From Gordon's "Translation of Menzel's German Literature," it appears that in Germany alone, in the year 1816, there were published more than three thousand books; in 1822, over four thousand; in 1827, over five thousand; and in 1832, over six thousand: the numbers thus increasing one thousand every five years. In the year 1837, over eight thousand new books were issued, and, according to Menzel, there are now, on a moderate calculation, annually printed ten millions of volumes. This certainly is prodigious, and if the increase continues as heretofore, the time will soon arrive when a catalogue of German authors will contain more names than there are living readers.

THE CHIEF GLORY OF LITERATURE.]

A WRITER in a recent number of the *Edinburg Review* concludes an article on the *Vanity and Glory of Literature* in the following words:

"Taking it collectively, then, the glory of all human literature is that it is our pledge and security against the retrogradation of humanity; the effectual break-water against barbarism; the *ratchet* in the great wheel of the world, which, even if it stands still, prevents it from slipping back. Man's books are ephemeral, but ephemeral as they are, they are not so ephemeral as man himself. A good book is the Methuselah of these latter ages; it consigns to posterity what otherwise would never reach them."

CONFUSION OF WORDS.

No two words are more frequently confounded than *confute* and *refute*. A large majority of the writers for the periodical press use them as synonymous. There is, however, a wide difference in the signification of the terms. To *confute* respects what is argumentative; as we may confute the proposition that snow falls in the United States in the month of August or September. To *refute* respects what is personal; as we may prove that we were innocent of theft or felony. The doctrines of infidelity may be oftentimes refuted, though as frequently advanced by the reckless few who imbibe their spirit; and libelists may so frequently asperse one's character as to preclude the possibility of refutation; as Addison remarks, "Philip of Macedon *refuted* by the force of gold all the wisdom of Athens."

TO-MORROW.

Now or never. Time past is lost; time future is not ours; time present is all we have. We hope for the happiness of heaven. Hope only cannot save us. False hopes people hell. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

THE BEST FRIEND.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any flippant claims to greatness, obliging at all times, and of a golden good humor. For such a man we are willing, at any hour, to exchange the greatest wit or philosopher.

NEW BOOKS.

ELEMENTS OF METEOROLOGY. With Questions for Examination. Designed for Schools and Academies. By John Brocklesby, A. M. Pratt, Woodford & Co. 1849.—This is a duodecimo of two hundred and forty pages, and is divided into six parts, each part being subdivided into numerous chapters. The general topics are, 1. The Atmosphere. 2. Aerial Phenomena. 3. Aqueous Phenomena. 4. Electrical Phenomena. 5. Optical Phenomena. 6. Luminous Phenomena. The following form the subject-matters of the chapters: Description and Use of the Barometer; Winds in General; Hurricanes; Tornadoes and Whirlwinds; Waterspouts; Rain; Fog; Clouds; Dew; Hoar-Frost and Snow; Hail; Atmospheric Electricity; Thunder-Storms; Color of the Atmosphere and Clouds; the Rainbow; Mirage; Coronas and Haloes; Meteorites; Shooting Stars and Meteoric Showers; the Aurora Borealis. We have examined the work with some care, and think, from the best of our judgment, that it is a valuable compilation of all that is known on this interesting and novel science.

HISTORY OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSIONS, from the Organization of the Missionary Society to the Present Time. By Rev. W. P. Strickland, A. M. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—The first history of Methodist missions is hereby presented to the favor and patronage of the public. It is a volume of three hundred and thirty-eight duodecimo pages, on fine paper, beautifully printed, and neatly bound in muslin covers. It has twelve chapters and an Appendix. 1. Organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 2. Domestic Missions. 3. Auxiliaries. 4. Mission among the Indians. 5. Mission to Africa. 6. Mission to Oregon. 7. Mission to South America. 8. Mission to Texas. 9. Mission to the Germans. 10. Mission to China. 11. Missionaries. 12. Appeal in Behalf of Missions. The Appendix is made up of the most valuable public documents, missionary addresses, and other papers, which add great practical value to the volume. In every way, this is a most welcome book; and we bespeak for it a hearty and general reception by the public. It is enough to say, that the author of the History of the American Bible Society has beat himself in the preparation of this fine work.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JOHN COLLINS, late of the Ohio Conference. [By Judge M'Lean.] Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—We have alluded to this book before; but we now give the reader a fuller account of it. It is an 18mo., in clear type, of one hundred and twenty-two pages. It is not divided into chapters, or sections, but runs continuously along, in plain narrative style, from the beginning to the end. There is, however, no rambling from the direct line laid down by the life of that distinguished minister. His birth, youth, conversion, entrance upon the ministry, travels, success, manner of preaching, character as a Christian, and death, constitute the leading topics of the volume. When we consider who John Collins was, what he did, how he lived, and how he died, and then think of the ability of him who has written out this sketch, we have a right to expect a rich treat in the perusal of what is here offered us; and we can say to all our friends, that, from personal reading, we can doubly assure them, that their anticipations will not be disappointed.

THE MINISTER'S STUDY. New York: Lane & Scott. 1849.—This is one of the many useful and entertaining volumes almost daily falling from the industrious hands of Rev. D. P. Kidder, the excellent editor of the Sunday School books for the Sunday School Union. We have not found time to read it thoroughly; but the seven chapters—1. The Wedding. 2. Friendship. 3. The Sick Chamber. 4. The Revolutionary Pensioner. 5. The Fourth of July. 6. The Happy Death-Bed. 7. The Reconciliation—smack not a little of the rich, racy, and captivating.

THE COURT OF PERSIA, Viewed in Connection with Scriptural Usages. By John Kitto, D. D. New York: Lane & Scott. 1849.—This is a 24mo. of one hundred and seventy-six pages. The following are its subjects: 1. Principles of Eastern Regal Government. 2. Legislative Functions. 3. Judicial and Executive Functions. 4. State Punishments and Rewards. 5. A Royal Day. 6. State Ceremonials. 7.

A Coronation. 8. The Royal Household. Though intended chiefly for Sabbath Schools, this little book will be found very entertaining even to persons of middle age. The subjects are quite important to a correct appreciation of some of the finest passages in the Bible. It is got up in that beautiful style of workmanship, which has begun, more than ever, to characterize the publications of the New York Book Concern.

SOCIAL CLASSES: an Oration delivered before the General Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., July 11, 1849, by Rev. Geo. A. Coffey, A. M.—The leading topic of this fine oration is a comparison of the three social classes—the aristocratic, the middle, the pauper—into which the author thinks the world is generally divided. The style is very beautiful; the thoughts are good; the reflections are, in general, sound and instructive; and, in every way, this is rather a model of a performance.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALLEGHANY AND PHILO-FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETIES OF ALLEGHANY COLLEGE, Meadville, Pa., July 2, 1849, by Rev. Moses Crow, A. M.—This is an excellent oration on the claims of the Bible upon the scholar, in which the orator takes occasion to pay handsome and just tributes to the languages in which the Bible was originally written, to its reliable and important history, to its scientific accuracy, to the sublimity of its poetry, to its system of jurisprudence, to its biographical character, to its bearing on intellectual and moral discipline, and to the great and good, who, through many ages, have devoted their lives to a study of this volume. Mr. Crow is evidently a clear and good writer, a sound reasoner, and a warm philanthropist in his feelings, and we doubt not in action. We have read his address with unqualified pleasure and admiration.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, for October, is the best number we have ever seen of that monthly, which, in our judgment, has made decided improvement since its first issue. The engraving, the Falconer's Son, a mezzotint by Sartain, is very beautiful.

SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warton, B. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—The name of Southey will far outlive this volume; for, though a very curious affair for literary men to look into, it cannot scarcely be enumerated among his works. Robert Southey never would have published such a book as this, and we doubt whether the editor has done his great father-in-law's memory any service by the publication. It would be a very silly thing, however, to say, as has been said of this book, that some of the passages quoted are hurtful and others worthless. Of course they are; and it may be, in part, for these very reasons that the author originally cited them. What a man quotes in his Index Rerum, or Common-Place Book, is not to be set down as his. He may refer to many things, by these citations, for the very purpose of opposing them in some page, or work, which he may happen to be writing. Though we never should think of publishing such a book as this, provided the collector was a friend of ours, still, now this work is out, we prize it greatly, and would hardly part with it for any price. We are looking, also, with great interest for the promised successors to this volume.

ESSAY ON THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE. By Baptist Wriethesley Noel, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—Mr. Noel, in our humble but sincere opinion, has been very much overrated for these many years. We have never been sagacious enough to see any thing profound, learned, logical, beautiful, or able, in his productions, beyond what is very common among religious and literary men. For all we know, he may be a very honest, upright, and good man. He may be disinterested in his movements; but in nothing do we find him above thousands of others, who make no merit to themselves of their personal proceedings. The book before us is certainly neither remarkably able in thought or finished in diction, but quite superficial and feeble. The positions are very trite; the arguments are older than Noel's great grandfather; and the occasion which called out the book has been repeated, some twenty or fifty times in England, every year since the reign of Charles the Second.

RECENT BOOKS.

THE STATESMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND. With a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History. By John Forster. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.—This work, so variously received at first by the public press, both in England and in this country, has at length got the established reputation of being not only able, but authentic. The great names of the volume are, Sir John Elliott, Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, John Hampden, Sir Henry Vaine, Henry Marten, and Oliver Cromwell. These statesmen, it is well known, were the men of that age. Their history is the history of their times. Indeed, the history of the Revolution and of the Commonwealth cannot be understood except through them; and never, until now, could that history be correctly and fully stated. The labors of Carlyle, of the Edinburgh and London reviewers, and particularly of Lord Brougham, were essential to a right understanding of the characters of these heroes of English republicanism, and of the revolution they produced. These labors have now closed; a great work has been written, containing the results of nearly all that has been done in this field; and that work is now before the public. No man, who intends to know what ought to be known, can afford to be without this book.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.—There is no line of Mr. Prescott's published writings, so far as our knowledge goes of what he has done, which we have not read, and with some degree of admiration. His reviews, now embodied in the volume entitled "Miscellanies," are among the best in the English language—not so profound as Carlyle's, nor so graphic as Macaulay's, nor yet so brilliant and striking as those of several of his inferior rivals; but they are, in almost every point, just what a sensible reader wishes in such articles. They give one a perfect idea of the author reviewed. These essays, of themselves, are enough to make a reputation; but they are only the preludes to the great works of genius thrown off by Mr. Prescott. His Ferdinand and Isabella, his Conquest of Mexico, and his Conquest of Peru, will live as long as the English language. He will be regarded, in future ages, as the great American historian of the first half of the nineteenth century. Whether the coming half, or any succeeding one, is to furnish him a rival, time alone can tell; but it is certain, that no American of literary propensities should fail to place every page of Mr. Prescott's productions upon his shelves for personal and family perusal.

MORETTE'S HISTORY OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.—This is a work in two octavo volumes, on the discovery and settlement of the Valley by Spain, France, and Great Britain, and on the subsequent occupation, settlement, and extension of civil government over it by the United States. The period covered by this history is from the first Spanish discovery to the year 1846. The research is quite abundant; the facts, so far as we know, are authentic, as we have never seen any of them questioned; the style of composition is good, though not elegant. As this is the only tolerably complete history of the Mississippi Valley in the English language, it should be welcomed by every reading man, at home and abroad, who desires to be thoroughly informed respecting the history, condition, character, and prospects of the most interesting quarter of the globe.

A HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL VIEW OF THE SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By J. D. Morell, A. M. New York and Pittsburg: Robert Carter. 1847.—Mr. Morell's chief work. It has been much praised and severely criticised in different quarters. Our own opinion is, in brief, that its statements are to be relied on implicitly, but that its opinions are always a little doubtful, and sometimes absolutely erroneous. The author was evidently a little too much under the influence of German metaphysics when writing these two volumes. There is a tinge of Kantianism running through the entire work; but it is seen particularly in the parts treating of the German and Scotch philosophers. Mr. Morell has shown himself to be a well-informed amateur in philosophy,

but not a good historian. He is too much alive to his personal prejudices to do "even-handed justice" to all parties. Still, if a reader understands the subject of philosophy well enough not to allow this author to mislead him, wherein he has misled himself, he may be read with very great profit. There is a freshness in his manner and spirit, which books of this nature do not always have; and every man will rise from a perusal of his volumes improved in his own clearness of view by the very act of defending himself against the writer's peculiarities. His objections to Locke are sound, though not original. They were borrowed chiefly from Cousin on the same subject. His bias toward the Platonic method is to be commended.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETREA, AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D. With twelve illustrations on Steel. Two Vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—During the last summer, while the cholera was raging so fearfully about us, we read these two volumes from beginning to end without much interruption; and we arose from the perusal with our old opinion very much strengthened, that they are, by far, the best extant in English on the same subject. Nearly every book of travels in foreign countries has something to cause distrust in the reader toward the writer. One reads as if it had been made up from the guide-books so common in the old countries. Another smacks very much of an attempt, on the part of the author, to stretch the truth, or over-embellish his incidents, for the sake of effect. Another makes you certain, it may be, that he manufactures his facts to suit himself. Another, instead of telling you what he saw, is all the while vexing you with what he thought. The truth is, a traveler in a foreign land goes out as a spy, like Caleb and Joshua in Palestine. When he comes back, he stands before the public, not as a speculator, but as a witness. He is to give, not his opinions, but his facts. The reader, if he is a man of sense, can then make out his own opinions; if not a man of sense, the speculations of his author will do him but little good, as he will not be able to appreciate, if he can even comprehend them. A witness before a jury, indeed, is seldom allowed to give his opinions, but is promptly stopped by one party or the other whenever he attempts to do so. The reader of a book of travels is very apt to take the same course with his author. Whenever he meets with speculations, he turns them over and looks ahead for the place where the writer begins again to relate what he heard, or saw, or experienced. Dr. Olin, however, is not one of these objectionable travelers. He does, it is true, occasionally give his readers a speculation, but he deals chiefly in narrative—in sight-seeing—in real incidents. There is, evidently, nothing unreal in all his large work. There is no attempt to be striking, eloquent, popular. All the time of your perusing his volumes, you feel safe in confiding implicitly in what he tells you. When you have finished them, you feel certain that you have seen those important countries in no false colors, but exactly as a great, sagacious, observing, and sincere man saw them. This much we cannot say of any other books of travel, in these countries, with which we are acquainted. We, of course, therefore, regard Dr. Olin's volumes as unrivaled.

NOTES ON THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY. Cincinnati: Bradley & Co. 1847.—At the time of the reception of this work, when first from press, we were too much pressed to give it a suitable perusal; and our notice of it was consequently of such a character as not to prove very satisfactory either to us or its respected author. We did not intend to manifest any slight toward it; for we were certain, from what we knew of Judge Burnet, that the volume must be able. We now are prepared to say, that it is exceedingly important and interesting—so much so, in fact, that the history of the better part of the great Valley can never be written or understood without it. It is an honor to its author, to the west, and to the whole country; and it is worthy of all praise at the hands of a discerning public. Its reputation is established, beyond a question, as a clear, entertaining, historical narrative, full of the most valuable public documents. We like it the better for a trait which would be unbecoming a young writer—its spice of octogenarian egotism.

PERIODICALS.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, 1849.—It has ten articles.

1. *Rev. Noah Leviings, D. D.*—a well-written memento of the good Secretary, by his friend, Rev. D. W. Clark.

2. *The Preparation for Christianity in the History of the World a proof of its Divine Origin*, by Rev. Dr. Schaaff—learned, able, but not original, so far as we can see, in a solitary position.

3. *Lamartine*, by Rev. A. Stevens—a splendid review of the life, works, and character of the renowned but almost unintelligible French patriot. Lamartine is uneven as an author, brilliant as a platform statesman, but not equal to the heavy and steady lift of a first magistrate in times of complicated trouble. The review makes rather a greater man of him than we think he is; but his enigmatical character leaves large room for difference of opinion.

4. *Nineveh and its Remains*—anonymous—a very excellent and satisfactory paper, by one who evidently understands the subject.

5. *Rev. Thomas Chalmers*, by Rev. T. V. Moore, the most brilliantly-written article of the number, but the style is not as pure as that of the third article.

6. *The Philosophical Study of Language*—anonymous—like the two former, from an able man, but a writer of eccentric taste both in his philosophy and in his composition.

7. *The Jordan and the Dead Sea*, by Rev. Dr. Durbin, we have not read by course; but, by the most casual examination, it is evident enough, that Dr. Durbin has done his reputation justice.

8. *Dr. Dixon on America*, by the editor, is a clear statement of the contents of the book, closing with a vindication for the omission of the concluding "part." It was our opinion, in the beginning, when we first learned from Dr. McClinton himself by a private note, of his intention of omitting the last "part," that the best policy would be to insert it, or let the book alone entirely. We have not changed that opinion, though we feel satisfied with the motives actuating the American editor in relation to it. We shall give our humble judgment of the work, somewhat at large, in a future number.

9. *The New Hymn-Book*, by the editor—in every way to the point.

10. *Short Reviews and Notices of Books*, by the editor. These are numerous and judicious.

Upon the whole, this is the best number we ever read of the Methodist Quarterly.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION, for October, has the following leading articles:

1. *Editorial Remarks: State of the Established Church in England.*

2. *Essential Christian Union.*

3. *Personal Union with Christ.*

4. *Gentleness*, by Rev. Dr. Bethune.

5. *Christ's Commandment*, by the Rev. J. Brown, D. D., of Edinburgh.

6. *Union in Reform*, by J. W. Massie, D. D., M. R. I. A.

7. *The Protestant Apostasy.*

8. *Reply to the Address of Pius IX.*, by the "Popular Club" in Rome.

9. *Religious Memorial.*

10. *Literary Notices.*

11. *American Evangelical Alliance.*

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE, for October:

1. *The Castles*—last part. This is said to be a brilliant affair, but we have not read it.

2. *Lynmouth Revisited*—an interesting sketch.

3. *What has Revolutionizing Germany Attained?*—a severe Tory article, but quite just.

4. *The Green Hand*—part five—a story pretty well maintained.

5. *Physical Geography*—review of the two great works of Mrs. Somerville and of Alexander Keith Johnston.

6. *Civil Revolutions in Canada*—proposes a remedy—splendid, and has created a sensation in England.

7. *The English Mail-Coach, or the Glory of Motion*—a lively jeu d'esprit.

8. *Diary of Samuel Pepys*—a review, showing the value of the Diary named in illustrating the times of Charles the Second and of his successor.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN, for October, comes in its usual character and dress. We have one fault to find with this magazine: it levies too great a tax on the faith of its readers. It is an amiable mistake of the Doctor's, that, from his own consciousness of integrity and veracity, he presumes every body will believe his statements, however marvelous, on the authority of his single declaration. This no man, however good and true, has a right scientifically to presume. Should St. Peter make some of the assertions and developments, which we have seen from the hand of Dr. Buchanan, the world would demand some foundation, in the way of evidence, for their faith to go on; and this, we must say, is much more necessary for us common mortals. The contents of this number are:

1. *Sympathetic Impossibility.*

2. *Researches in Organic Chemistry*—good. Mr. Vaughan is a young and promising seaman worthy of all commendation.

3. *Brief Outlines of Phrenology*—quite original, extending greatly, we might almost say indefinitely, the number of our bumps and faculties.

Upon the whole, we are better pleased with this number of the Journal than with any of its predecessors. Go on. Let there be light, if it is not all turned to darkness.

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY, for October:

1. *Life and Times of Leo the Great*, by Rev. Dr. Beecher.

2. *The Province of Philosophy in the Interpretation of Scripture*, by Rev. Mason Grosvenor.

3. *The Doctrine of Man's Immortality, and of the Eternal Punishment of the Wicked, as set forth in the Ancient Scriptures*, by Asahel Abbott.

4. *The Gospel of John as indicating the State of the Christian Sentiment of its Times*, by Alfred H. Guernsey.

5. *The Demand and Demonstration of a Future Retribution in Natural Theology*, by Rev. Dr. G. B. Cheever.

6. *The Contribution of Intellect to Religion*, by Dr. White.

7. *The Doctrine of the Trinity Rational and Scriptural*, by Rev. Dr. E. Beecher.

8. *The Law and the Gospel*, by Rev. R. W. Hill.

9. *Literary and Critical Notices*, by the editor.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for October:

1. *Agricultural and Commercial Miscellany.*

2. *Crime and its Consequences.*

3. *Ceylon and the Cingalees.*

4. *Scenes from Tannoi.*

5. *The Comeragh Mountains.*

6. *Lord Castelnagh.*

7. *Song of the Roman Peasantry in the Meadows on May-Eve.*

8. *Philip Marsden, or the Experiment.*

9. *The Undergraduates.*

10. *Lord Cloncurry's Memoirs.*

11. *Doctor Cooke Taylor.*

THE MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE, for November:

1. *The Bank of France in 1848-9.*

2. *The Production and Manufacture of Cotton.*

3. *The Statute of Frauds.*

4. *Bankruptcy—Banking—Mutual Bank of Discount and Deposit.*

5. *Cuba.*

6. *The Prairies.*

7. *Stoppage in Transitu.*

8. *Commercial Code of Spain.*

9. *Mercantile Law Cases.*

10. *Commercial Chronicle and Reviews.*

11. *Commercial Regulations.*

12. *Nautical Intelligence.*

13. *Commercial Statistics.*

14. *Journal of Banking, Currency, and Finance.*

15. *Journal of Mining and Manufactures.*

16. *Railroad, Canal, and Steamboat Statistics.*

17. *Mercantile Miscellanies.*

18. *The Book Trade.*

NEWSPAPERS.

We know not how we can open this new department of our work, into which we intend to throw all those newspaper scraps, which we think too good to be wholly lost, and yet not sufficiently important to require much pause, than to offer our warmest salutations to those able journals which have been so welcome to us in other days, and on which we shall rely hereafter, to some extent, for the matter of this useful but unpretending page.

First of all, then, we make our best New Year's bow to our veteran cotemporary, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, edited by the friend of our early days, Rev. George Peck, D. D., which, it seems to us, ought to go into the hands of every Church member in the connection to which it belongs. No such member can be fully informed, in relation to the great enterprises of his denomination, without a regular perusal of this mammoth sheet. We should rejoice to see its circulation trebled.

The *Western Christian Advocate*, under the editorial control of Rev. Matthew Simpson, D. D.—a favorite paper—claims our salutations next, as we hear the thunder of its power-press nearly every day of every week.

The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* will also accept of our editorial compliments; and we can assure our readers, that Rev. Wm. Hunter, A. M., whose genius as a poet and ability as a prose writer we have often mentioned, is justly a favorite with his.

To our esteemed friend of the *Northern Christian Advocate* we next hold out our hand, giving, at the same time, a meaning wink to the public, that Rev. Wm. Hosmer, A. M., has demonstrated, by the immense growth of his subscription list, that his gifts and graces as an editor are real and well-known.

Nor is *Zion's Herald* thus late in the reception of our hearty thanks, for past favors, in token of our opinion of its rank; as our old friend, Rev. Abel Stevens, A. M., is never number two with us; for we scarcely know—indeed, we do not know—any religious weekly more ably edited by the unaided labors of one man.

Our editorial thanks are equally due, also, to the *Southern Christian Advocate*, which, in the hands of its present editors, Rev. Drs. Wightman and Summers, has ever been a very able, evangelical, kind-spirited paper; and it is always a welcome visitor to our table.

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* is conducted by Rev. Dr. Lee, whose talents, tact, and taste—though we did not think of perpetrating an alliteration when this sentence was begun—are constantly exhibited in his leaping, laughing sheet. Though, in controversial matters, sometimes not a little tart, this valuable exchange is certainly never dry.

Our neighbor of Tennessee, the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, presided over by Rev. M. M. Henkle, D. D., and Rev. J. B. McFerrin, has also done us several favors, and we hereby tender our warmest acknowledgments of them all.

Nor can we forget our nearer neighbor, the *Methodist Examiner*, edited by Rev. S. A. Latta, M. D., who, until our review of his late work was printed, had showered us with compliments undeserved, but who, immediately afterward, changed his mind. Still, these fluctuations of opinion are quite natural; and we are, consequently, at peace with our friend. He thinks that, by bestowing sufficient labor, he can make something of a writer of us, after all our faults; and, though several of our secular exchanges pretend to fear that the Doctor has undertaken a hazardous business, we have no mean opinion of his abilities, and should be mightily fortunate in his success. For more than twenty years, we have been trying, by almost constant application to the pen and press, to make a good English writer of ourself, but have sadly failed; and now, if our kind neighbor of the *Expositor* can succeed, we will not only give him our hand, but offer him our hat!

We return our grateful acknowledgments, also, to the *Vermont Christian Messenger*, to the *Illinois Advocate*, and to the *Christian Repository*, for the spirit they have manifested toward us; and, in a subsequent issue, we intend to do our feelings fuller justice in respect to them than we have space

for doing now. The *Family Favorite*, too, so spiritedly edited by our friend, Rev. J. V. Watson, will receive our thanks.

Among our very best religious exchanges we are pleased to set down the following: *The Independent*, the *New York Evangelist*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Lutheran Observer*, the *Presbyterian Advocate*, the *Central Watchman*, the *Presbyterian of the West*, the *New York Baptist Register*, the *New York Observer*, and the *Methodist Protestant*, to all of which we shall refer more at large.

Reserving for a future number, also, a specific acknowledgment of favors for each of our literary, secular, and political exchanges, as our list is very large, we take occasion here to record the names of those of the first class, whose attentions to us have been warmly appreciated many times. Though some of them have not recently visited our office, not regularly at least, the most of them have spoken a good word for us to their numerous friends, and that in a way for which we ought to feel grateful, and of which we might feel proud. We refer, among many others, particularly to the *New York Evening Post*, the *Tribune*, the *New York Commercial*, the *Boston Traveler*, the *Mercantile Journal of Boston*, the *Albany Argus*, the *Buffalo Advertiser*, the *Peninsular Freeman of Detroit*, the *Indiana State Journal*, the *Ohio State Journal*, the *Statesman of Columbus*, the *Rockingham Register of Virginia*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, *Atlas*, *Chronicle*, *Times*, and *Nonpareil*, the *Great West*, the *Columbian*, the *Spirit of the Age*, the *National Era*, the *National Intelligencer*, the *Washington Union*, the *Home Journal*, the *Literary World*, the *Philadelphia North American*, the *New Orleans Picayune*, the *Charleston Mercury*, the *New York Spectator*, *New Englander*, *Cist's Advertiser*, and *Littell's Living Age*. Some of these have accidentally, it may be by our own fault, dropped from our list. Two or three others of them have not been, at least recently, regularly on it; but to all of them we express our thanks for past favors, with a desire for continued exchange and fellowship.

From all these, as well as from many other sources, we shall collect the future matter of this page. We shall not fill it up with those unimportant items, in relation to who was drowned, or what dog was killed, or how many noses were battered in a row, or any things of that sort, but with such great and substantial facts in literature, religion, morals, science, philosophy, politics, and general intelligence, as can be set down in brief paragraphs, and generally in two or three lines. We shall have special reference, also, in these gatherings, to the wants of families, for which our magazine is more particularly designed. We shall endeavor, in this way, to give them a table of short reports from nearly all the places, operations, and interests of this moving world, and that in the most irregular, readable, sauntering way. We shall not confine ourself to one page, in our subsequent issues, but run over into the second, and even third, as the world may be more or less settled or disturbed.

From this explanation of affairs the reader will at once understand, that, beside long articles, requiring time and care in their perusal, we shall have a page or two to which he can turn and read without much effort or continuity of thought. There are minutes and half minutes in every man's life, which he does not wish to lose, but in which he can undertake nothing very serious. These scraps, therefore, will serve to fill out such odd moments, and, at the same time, add to the general information and amusement of the reader. In earlier times it was the fashion to fill up newspapers with long, plodding articles, from one to half-a-dozen columns in length. The reader, of course, who had nothing to do but to sit in the chimney corner at home and read, could, generally, in six days, get through with most of the articles in his weekly; but nobody else could read it all. In later times the tide has turned. Newspapers, to have subscribers and to be read, must have brief, terse, sententious articles. Acting, in a measure, on the same principle of accommodation, we shall furnish a page, the length of whose articles will frighten no one, and the variety of which shall give general interest. We will only add, that, in making up this department, we shall venture no statements except on authority the most reliable and safe.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE month of January, gentle reader, has again arrived. The name of it comes, as you well know, from Janus, one of the mythological deities of ancient Italy. From his name the Latin word *janua*, a gate, was taken. The month of January, therefore, was so styled in the Roman calendar, because it opened the gates of the year, through which his eleven successors, each at the head of his battalion of days, hours, minutes, and seconds, marched on, with serried ranks and regulated step, through the broad fields of Time. January, then, is the beginning period—the period to lay aside some things and to take up others, according as another year's thought, reflection, and experience, have made us stronger, better, and more wise.

The first day of this month has been set apart, in nearly all Christian countries, as a day of religious worship of some kind. Christians, at least, should so begin every new journey around the sun. They should feel a deep and penitential sorrow for their sins. They should renew their promises of obedience to the laws of nature, to the precepts of religion, to the commandments and ordinances of God. They should undertake with new resolution the performance of all those social duties, which one man owes to another as his neighbor, as we are instructed by the great Rule of Life. We are, first of all, in this respect, to forgive every man his fellow for those faults, which, almost from necessity, have appeared. We are next as candidly to seek the forgiveness of our own faults from all whom we have injured, or even loved too little, or neglected too much. We may, then, with some hope of success, resolve to satisfy the demands of society upon us, in all the relations we sustain to it, both in our families and the community about us.

How delightful, indeed, would it be to see every individual, on New-Year's day, stopping in his career, looking over the past, and throwing a glance upon the future, at the same time saying in his heart, "I will be a better father, or husband, or wife, or mother, or brother, or sister, or friend, or citizen, or Christian, than I have ever been before!" And why shall we not, good reader, begin the present year with such hopeful words? Whatever others may do, on this interesting subject, let us, namely, the writer and the reader, employ these words feelingly and from the heart!

The present number of the Repository contains, in our partial judgment, a list of articles of some value. They may be regarded as specimens of the talent to be exhibited in our future numbers. Though some of them are more lengthy than common for this magazine, they are all of them worthy of two or three perusals. We commit them to the good taste and sound judgment of our readers; and we do so with the strongest confidence that the right appreciation will be awarded them.

In addition to the published articles, we had filed several others for this number, which have been crowded out, notwithstanding we have given eight pages more than our usual size, and have taken less than the ordinary space for our editorial columns. Among the pieces thus laid over till February are the following: Kosuth, A Short Sermon from the Poets, The Virgin Mary, The Jesuits, (came too late for insertion,) An Unwritten Story of the Revolution, The Inebriate's Death, and Uncle Oliver's Thoughts on Female Education.

We have, also, on our table the following prose pieces, which we have read and approved, and which will have places in future numbers: Letters to School-Girls, number three; Ruins of Carisbrooke Castle, England, (from one of our English correspondents;) Benevolence, (which is most welcome;) A Plea for Toleration; Dignity of Labor; Female Education; The Love of God; Nettleby Abbey, Southampton, England, (from one of our English correspondents;) The Wisdom of God; Scripture Sketches; Woman's Rights in Danger; Corfe Castle, England, (English correspondent.)

Our poets have furnished us with a brilliant list, of which the following have been accepted: Death of Cowper; To a Faithful Minister of the Gospel; The Sea Nymphs; The Lonely Grave; My Brother's Grave; A Hymn; The Cottage-Girl; Spring; Naomi's Little Maid; Fidelity; To a Sleeping Infant; Never Despair; Farewell; Lines to my Husband; Music; The Old Grave-Yard in Belpre; The Gospel Day; To the Stars;

Unto the Silent Grave; I Heard thy Voice; Immortality; The Last Prayer of Samson; What Bodes the Falling Leaf? Lines to Miss M. W.; Autumn; A Tribute to the Memory of Miss E. W. O. We have a large number of articles as yet unread. They will be attended to in due season.

We have but a word to say in relation to the embellishments for the month. They will speak for themselves. The first was "drawn from the life" by James Smilie, of New York, and engraved by Charles A. Jewett, of Cincinnati. It will remind our readers of what they have seen very frequently. We think both the design and the execution are worthy of much admiration.

The second is a picture of superior value. The reader will need to know, that it is an ideal representation of Poesie, by Retseh, the most celebrated draftsman now living, and engraved by Mr. Anderson, an eminent English artist now resident in this city. We think it the finest conception of the true idea of Poesie ever given to the world. The Greeks, it is well known, represented the art in two ways: first, by the figure of a highly-spirited horse, and, secondly, by the image of a female of great personal beauty, amiability, and grace. We have reason to know that they were dissatisfied with both conceptions, as not only the philosophers and critics, but several of the poets of the language, have expressed their dissatisfaction. It is the ambition and design of Retseh to offer a perfectly original and more characteristic emblem of Poesie than antiquity had produced. Whether he has succeeded is a question for the reader of taste to determine. We think he has; for the longer we look upon this production, and the oftener we turn to it, the more deeply are we penetrated with the idea in the artist's mind. Poesie, as all agree, is a sort of cloud-land, the region of shadows, images, and dreams; and so the artist has given us a background as fugitive and as indistinct as could well be drawn. On the highest eminence stands the Temple of Fame, the place of worship for all the children of the imagination, partly illuminated by the outbeaming splendors of the morning, but still surrounded and dimmed by the mists of that dreamy land. Poesie, as a winged child, with an eye on the future, sets out on the voyage of life calmly seated on the back of a swan, the bird sacred to song, whose motion in the water is more beautiful than that of any other of the feathered tribe. Behind the child is a lyre formed from a tortoise shell; and it was from this same shell that the god of poetry, according to the classic story, constructed the first harp. The child is resting his writing tablet upon his knee, with his mind far away among the images which it sees, while a star has come and perched upon the head of the style which he is holding ready for its work. But the inhabitants of dreamland could not be uninterested in such a *voyageur* from their own shores, however secretly he may have embarked; and we find, therefore, that, having caught the secret, they are flocking down to the water's edge, though at earliest dawn, to witness the vision as it passes by. Not only do the wings indicate a more than mortal character in the child, but there is an expression of countenance, a brilliancy of aspect, a prophetic forecast of look, that declare that kind of divinity for the little bard-angel which poets are in the habit of ascribing to their art.

The third embellishment is the ornamented title-page, in which the medallion head of Wesley is given, undoubtedly the best profile likeness ever exhibited of that venerated man.

The Excelsior page is, also, a most beautiful conception, decidedly more symbolic than any of its predecessors in our work. Every part of it has its meaning. It illustrates, or symbolizes, every department of literature and of the fine arts; but poetry and music, as they should be, are the most prominent. But we have not space for an exposition. We leave the ingenious reader to study out the beautiful conceptions of the artist.

We can say no more. The first number of our magazine, for the current year, is before you, reader. Will you, if you can, help in giving it a circulation? With what experience we have been able to gain during the past three years, we shall try to perform our duty for the one now begun. Therefore, till we meet again, farewell!



THE SISTERS.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, ESQ.

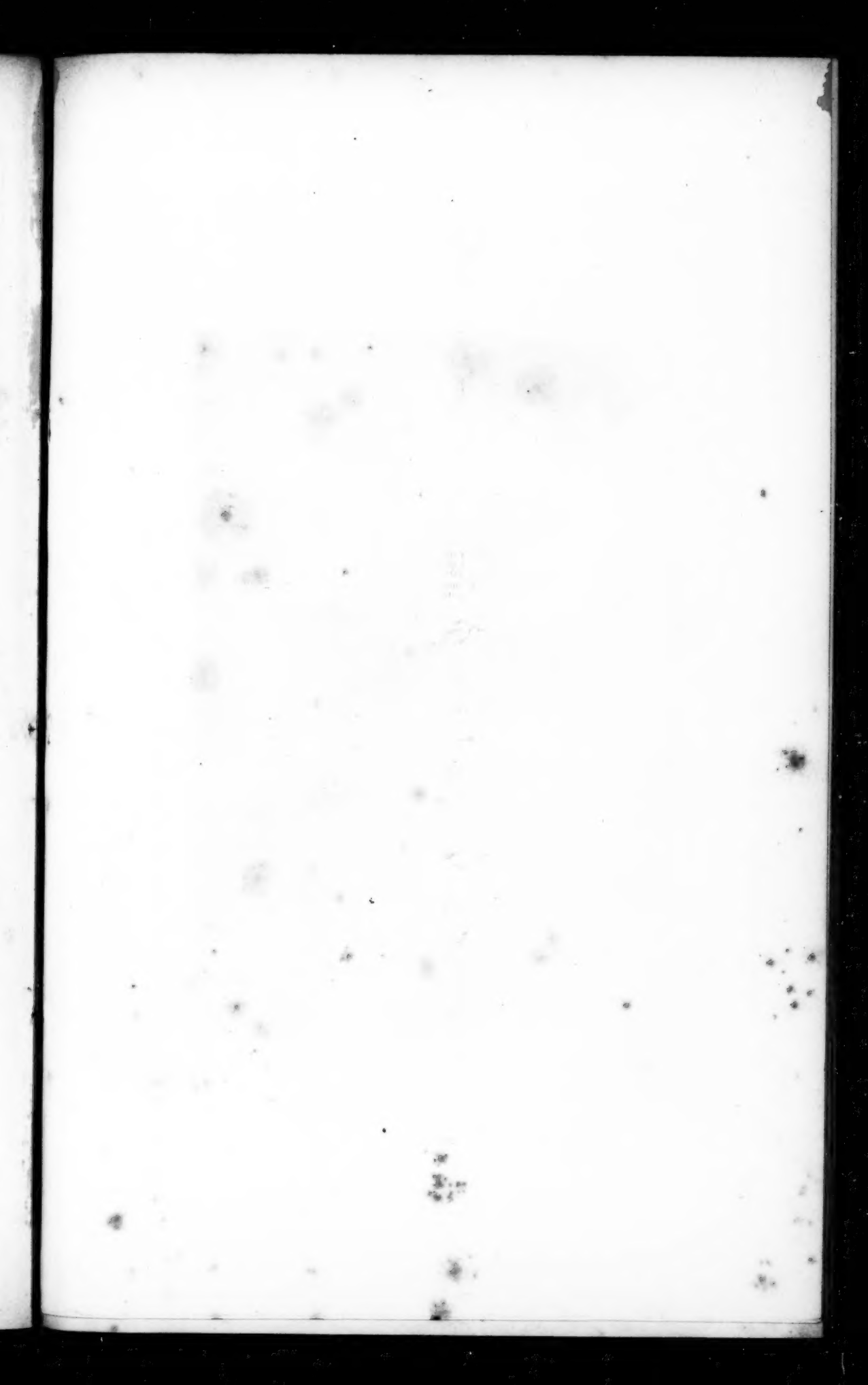
ALL-BEAUTEOUS Lady Arabell
Glanced scornfully aside;
Alas! for he hath loved her well
In spite of all her pride;
Yet coldly to that noble heart,
In all its glowing youth,
Away! she cried, and spurn'd aside
Its tenderness and truth.

Away! and at her feet he fell
As cold and white as stone;
And heartless Lady Arabell
Hath left him all alone—
Alone, to live?—alone, to die?—
Alone? Yet who art thou—
Some guardian-angel from the sky,
To bless and aid him now?

Ah! Florence loves young Cecil well,
And pines this many a day;
For star-eyed sister Arabell
Hath won his heart away—
Hath won it all by treacherous arts
To fling it all aside,
And break a pair of loving hearts
For triumph and for pride!

Fair Florence, with her eyes of blue,
And locks of golden light;
Dark Arabell's of raven hue,
With flashing orbs of night;
And has young Cecil chosen well
Between that sister pair—
The proud, imperial Arabell,
Or wise-like Florence fair!

O, bitter morn! O, blessed morn!
For, lo! he turns to love
No more that raven queen of scorn,
But this sweet sister dove.
In spite of lustrous Arabell,
And all her envious pride,
Young Cecil loves his Florence well—
And Florence is his bride!





VIEW OF CHANNING'S MANSION

Wm. J. Johnson, Engraver

